## How Strong Is the NLF?

February 24, 1966 35¢

THE TRIAL OF TWO SOVIET WRITERS

# THE REPORTER

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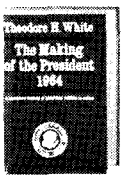

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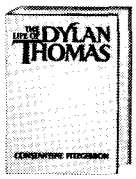


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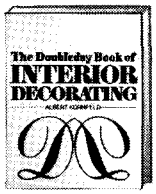


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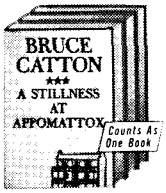


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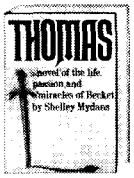


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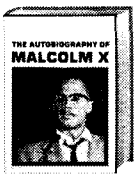


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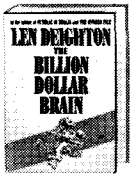


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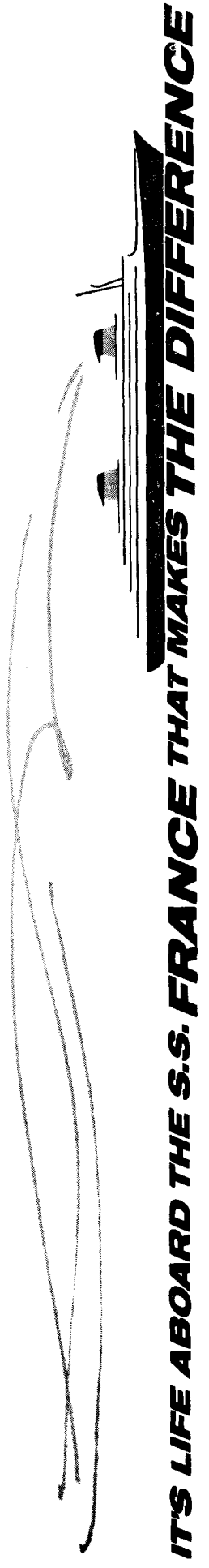

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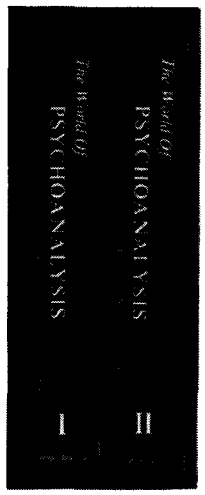


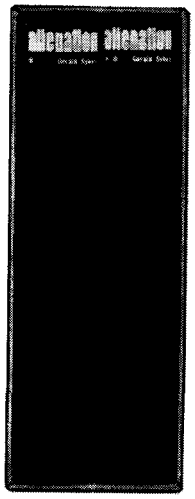


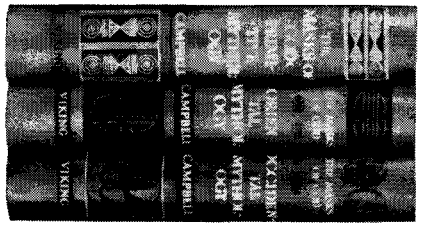

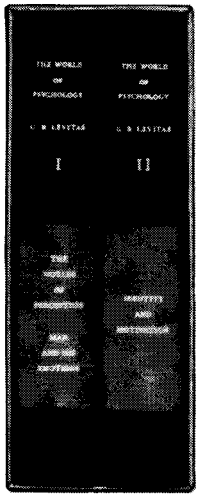


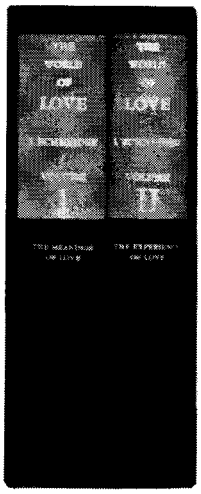


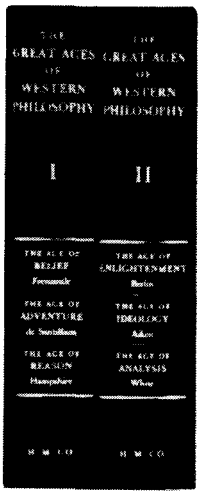


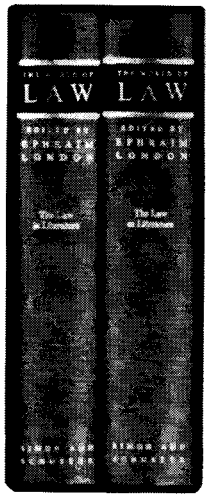


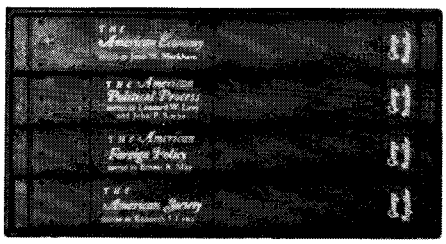

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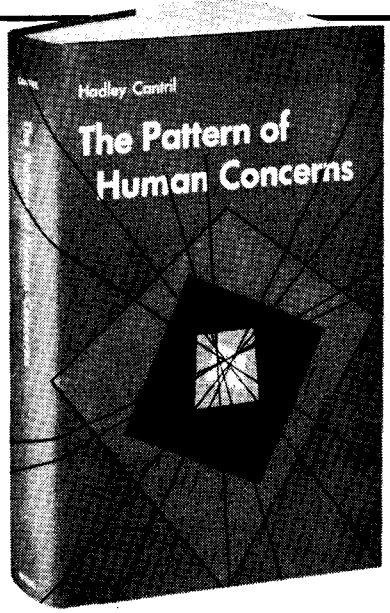


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WHETHER or not it is true that there can be no military victory for either side in the Vietnam war, the final test must be a political one. The President has recognized this in the emphasis on an intensified Vietnamese social rehabilitation program announced in Honolulu. Two reports from Saigon discuss the advantages and the handicaps that we have to deal with in this ultimate contest. On the plus side is the steady erosion of leadership in the ranks of the Vietcong, their alienation of the people by coercive tactics, and their miscalculation of political strategy. According to **Douglas Pike,** who has been a specialist in research on the Vietcong for the United States Information Agency in Saigon since 1960 and who recently spent a year at MIT preparing a definitive study of the National Liberation Front, the Communists today could count on only a relatively small percentage of the votes if elections were held in South Vietnam—assuming, of course, that the elections and their preparation were fairly supervised. On the minus side are the political decay, the administrative inefficiency, and the inflation that have plagued Saigon's military régimes. **Denis Warner's** report underscores the crucial importance of the current search for stability. This month, Mr. Warner joins the staff as our correspondent in Southeast Asia, which he has been covering for us for many years. . . . Closely related to public understanding of these issues is the question of relations between the press and government information officials in Saigon. **Hanson W. Baldwin,** military editor of the New York *Times,* has long followed the skirmishes between them.

THE long-heralded trial of two men whose writings were smuggled out of the Soviet Union to the West under the pseudonyms of Abram Tertz and Nikolai Arzhak opened in Moscow on February 10. Although the outcome is a foregone conclusion, the event has a special significance, for it is really the Soviet system itself that is on trial. **George Bailey's** special report explores the effect of the dogma of Socialist realism on Russian literature and Soviet society. In 1962 a story by Arzhak, "This Is Moscow Speaking," appeared in *The Reporter.* . . . Indonesia has yet to pay the full price for the years of misrule under Sukarno. A continuing power struggle following the abortive Communist coup is further dividing a country plunged into economic and political chaos, and, **Donald Kirk** writes, more bloodshed may be expected before one of the several competing forces emerges on top. Kirk, a free-lance writer based in Hong Kong, was one of the last reporters to leave Djakarta under the recent expulsion of American correspondents. . . . **James Symington,** executive director of the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency, examines the problem of underprivileged youth in the Great Society.

BORN in Alabama, **Jesse Hill Ford** now lives in Tennessee. His novel *The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones,* published by Atlantic-Little, Brown, is one of six finalists for the National Book Award for Fiction, to be presented in March. . . . **Gerald Weales,** who teaches at the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of *American Drama Since World War II* (Harcourt, Brace & World). . . . *The Fabulous Phonograph: From Edison to Stereo,* by **Roland Gelatt,** has just been reissued by Appleton-Century in a new and revised edition. . . . **Harold Witt** has published four poetry collections, the most recent of which is *Beasts in Clothes* (Macmillan). . . . **Fernando Krahn** has taken Luna 9 in his stride and remains indomitably patriotic in his approach to extraterrestrial matters. . . . **Barbara W. Tuchman** is the author of *The Guns of August* and *The Proud Tower: A Portrait of the World Before the War, 1890-1914,* both published by Macmillan. **Glendy Culligan** is the former book-review editor of the Washington *Post.* . . . **Alfred Werner's** *German Expressionist Drawings* will be published by Shorewood.

Our Vietnam cover is by **John R. McDermott.**



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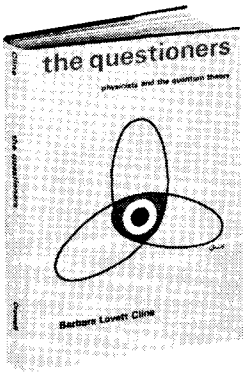


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# CORRESPONDENCE

## A HOUSE DIVIDED?

**To the Editor:** Your description of Lyndon B. Johnson as "an exuberant middle-of-the-road extremist" ("The President's Speech," *The Reporter,* January 27) is the most incisive analysis of the man I have read anywhere. You have performed a distinct editorial service that will help overcome the difficulty you cite in sizing up Mr. Johnson's popularity.

I would, however, take exception to your statement that electing the House of Representatives to four-year terms concurrent with the Chief Executive's, as Mr. Johnson proposed, "would make the House docile to a President's will." There is, as I'm sure you are aware, an equally valid school of thought to the effect that many Congressmen, given a mere eighteen months under the present system to establish a reputation with their constituents, are overly dependent upon the President for his campaign support.

In any case, docility need be only one of the alternatives to the present ineffectiveness of the House. Longer terms are needed, and, as Senator Birch Bayh (D., Indiana) has pointed out, the President's proposal can be used "as a starting point—a place of departure." Bayh himself has suggested that half of the House be elected every two years, which would have the dual effect of doubling the House terms and halving the Congressional campaign demands on the White House.

JOHANNA LONG
Washington, D.C.

## TROUBLED MERCHANT MARINE

**To the Editor:** Admiral John D. Hayes's "Our Merchant Marine in Trouble" (*The Reporter,* January 13) is well written, presents facts that are incontestable, and offers some valid suggestions for curing the ills. Perhaps even more important is the fact that bringing these matters to the attention of the American public is one step toward solving a very real problem in connection with our merchant shipping.

Many years ago Admiral Alfred Mahan devised a valid formula which stated that seapower equals naval vessels plus bases plus merchant vessels. We have the strongest navy the world has ever known, and the bases to support it. However, unless this nation awakens quickly to the need, our merchant marine will be insufficient to meet the last element of the equation.

LT. GEN. R. C. MANGRUM, USMC
Washington

**To the Editor:** While Admiral Hayes's analysis of our merchant-marine problem is flawless, I feel his recommendations are much too limited and restricted to accomplish a revitalization of the United States merchant marine. His obvious annoyance from a naval point of view with the vagaries of national policy toward the merchant marine is revealed in his recommendation that the Navy take over the Maritime Administration and that the Navy go out and buy as many ships as it needs on the world market and place them in our reserve fleet. His only other recommendation is that a new "study commission" be set up to "set the United States on a course that would eventually provide it with the true and integrated sea power that it needs but does not have today."

Unfortunately, none of his recommendations will give us, for example, enough ships to carry a substantial portion of the bulk materials moving into and out of our country; his solutions will not reduce the cost of operating American-flag vessels in comparison to foreign-flag vessels; and his solutions will not bring into being a larger merchant marine under the U.S. flag unless his proposed study commission will do more than merely postpone action on needs that are eminently clear.

For it is obvious that our merchant-marine problem is not with the liner portion of the fleet, which has been modernized and enlarged under the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, but with the other portion that makes up a merchant fleet: tramp bulk and specialized carriers, tankers, proprietary carriers, and coastwise vessels. The government must decide how much of an all-round fleet it needs for purposes of the nation's economy and security, and then proceed to take obvious steps in encouraging the development of such ships, including the preparation of public support for such an undertaking.

If it is agreed that the United States must have a merchant fleet under its flag for its national security and economy, it is necessary to devise ways and means of doing this in the best way possible. The U.S. merchant marine must compete with foreign fleets in the same marketplace but is compelled to pay American wages and maintain American standards alongside foreign ships paying one quarter or one third the wages. Other industries in the United States, faced with the same situation, would quickly attain cost parity by establishing plants abroad or buying components manufactured abroad for assembly in the United States. In the case of the U.S. merchant marine, however, this is not possible and the option quickly becomes clear: take steps to equalize the U.S.-flag operator's cost or get out of the shipping business. No matter how much Yankee ingenuity is used, in this day and age technological ingenuity is not the exclusive preserve of Americans and is soon adopted by even the lowest-cost competitor. As a result, there is no realistic alternative to government support if a merchant fleet under the United States flag is to be maintained on the high seas. The aim should be

(*Continued on Page 13*)



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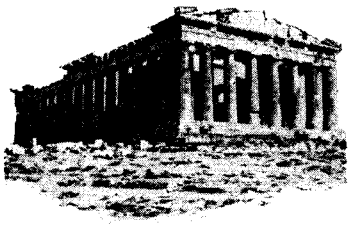

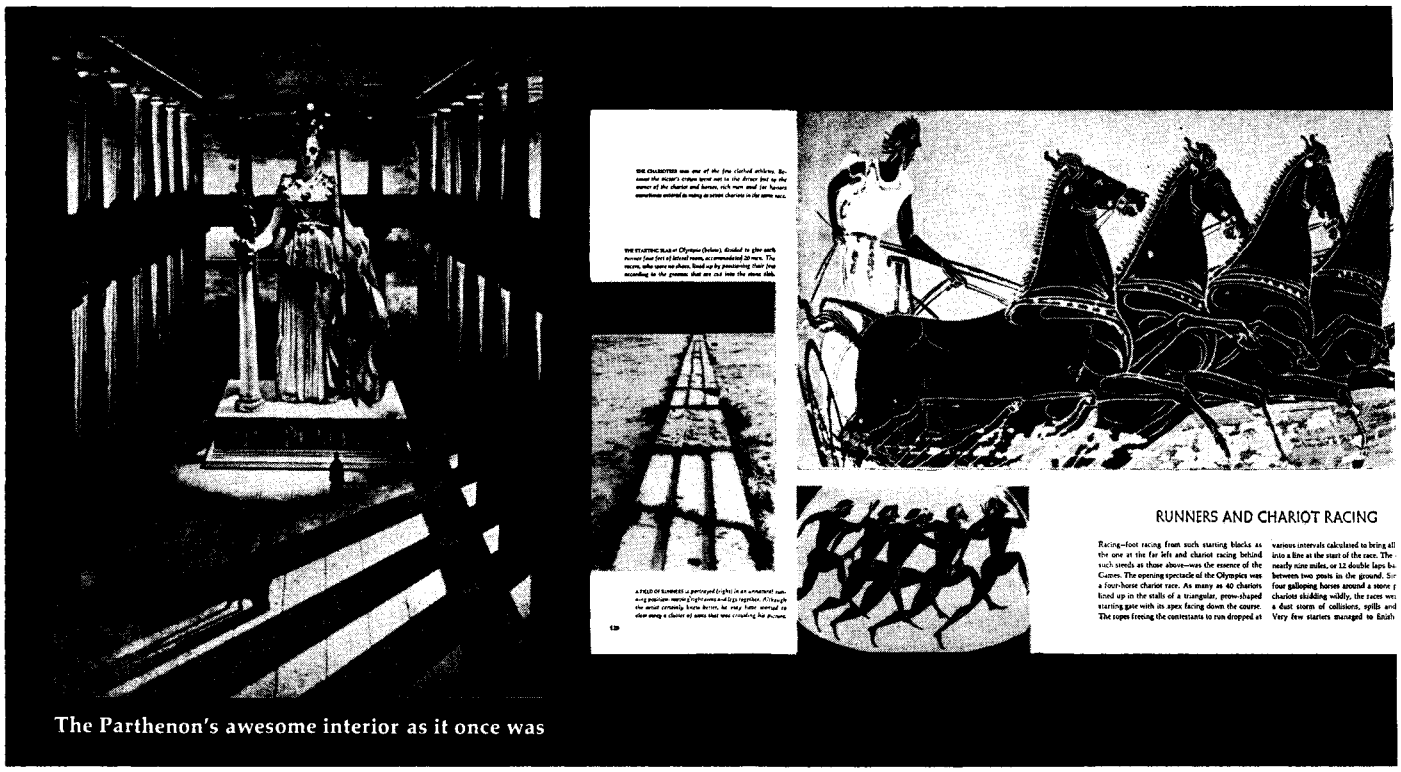


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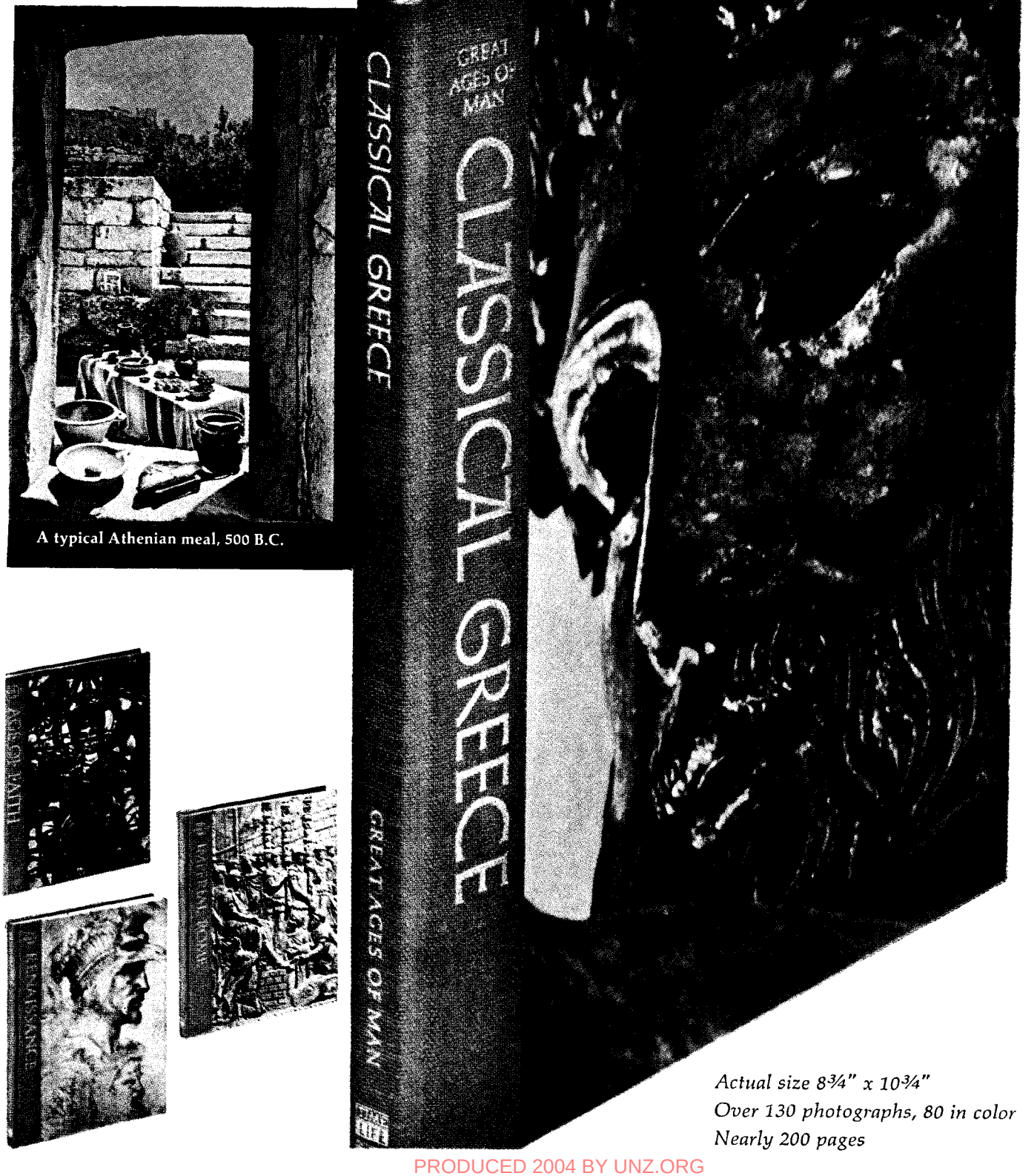


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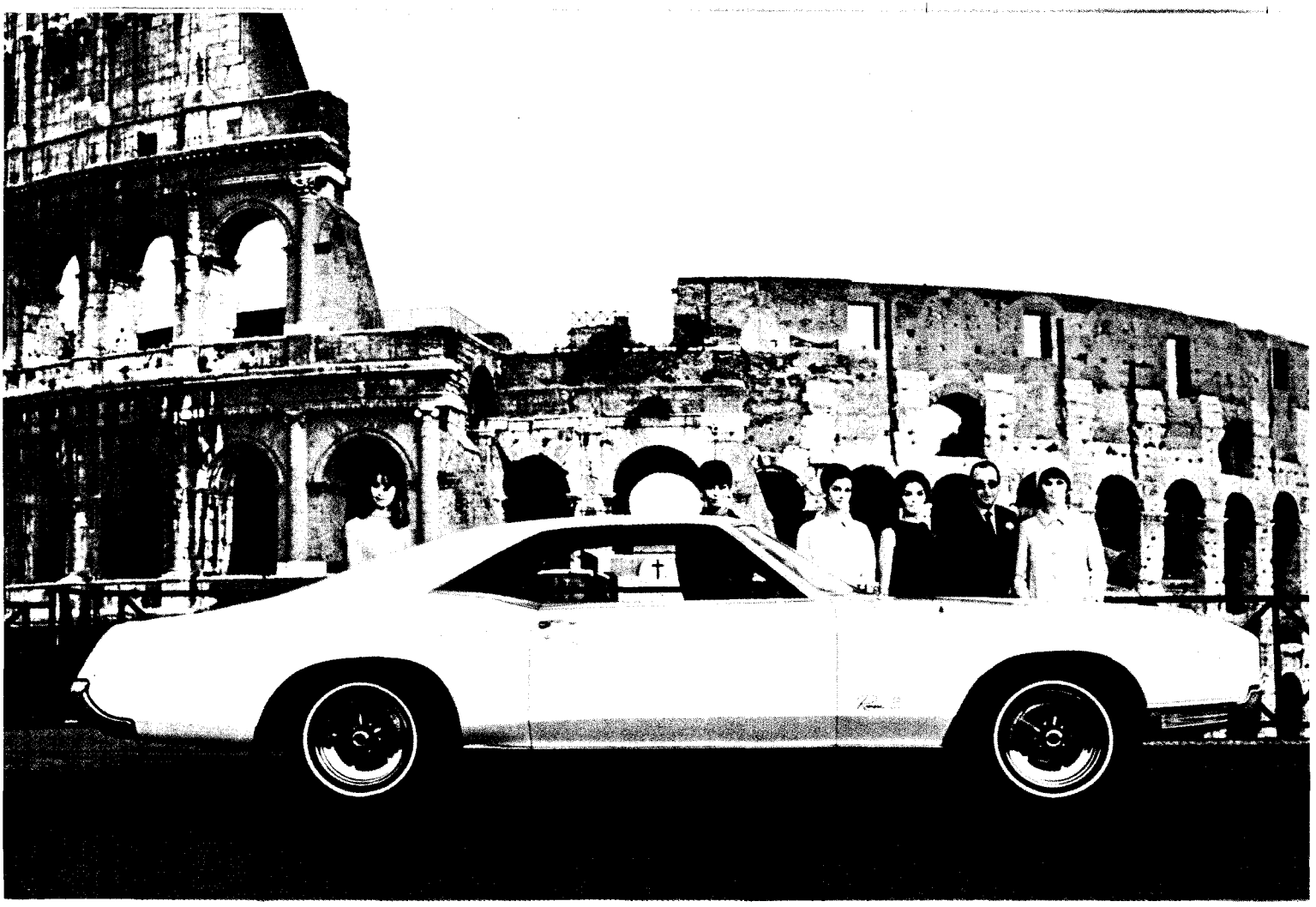

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## PRAYER FOR HARMONY

**To the Editor:** The article by Arlie Schardt ("A Mississippi Mayor Fights the Klan," *The Reporter*, January 27) was fair and honest. I hope you will keep praying along with all of us in Laurel that peace and harmony will prevail and that law and order will be respected.

Henry Bucklew, Mayor
Laurel, Mississippi

## CANADIAN WATER

**To the Editor:** Dillon O'Leary's "Canada Guards Its Water Against Our Big Thirst" (*The Reporter*, January 27) is a good discussion of the subject. Rather than being discouraged by Mr. O'Leary's observations, I find considerable encouragement for continuing our educational campaign for diversion of far northern waters southward into Canada and the United States.

I have always felt and expected that the Canadians would act in their own personal interest and not out of a sense of pure altruism toward the United States on whatever was done with their waters, and therefore I would expect that Canada would look carefully at the proposal to be assured that it was to her advantage to approve such a project. I do believe that the NAWAPA proposal is as advantageous to Canada as it is to the United States. Unless we can make this point, of course we cannot expect to go further.

Frank E. Moss
U.S. Senate

**To the Editor:** At the present time, the Canadian government is occupied with difficult economic and political problems aggravated by minority representation in the House of Commons and by rebellious provincial governments. It is quite rightfully not concerned with U.S. water problems.

I disagree, however, with Mr. O'Leary in that I think it will be possible to arrange a massive diversion of water to the United States. In the first place, Canadians are not generally averse to allowing the United States to develop Canadian resources for our mutual benefit. Water flowing into the Arctic Ocean or Hudson Bay is of no benefit to the majority of Canadians and will probably never be sufficient to lure industry so far away from southern markets. Secondly, Canada is so close economically to the United States that even the rumor of economic isolation could bring about a serious recession.

Provided the carrot is large enough and the stick is only implied, it would be political suicide for the Canadian government not to co-operate.

D. M. Harvey
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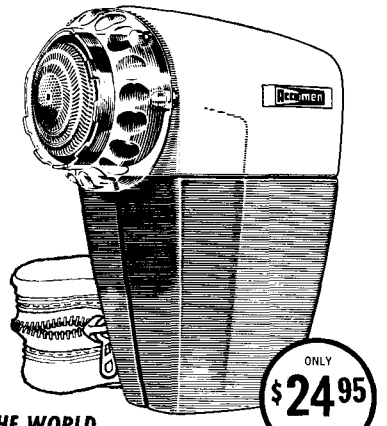


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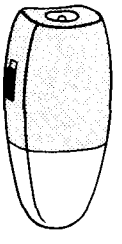

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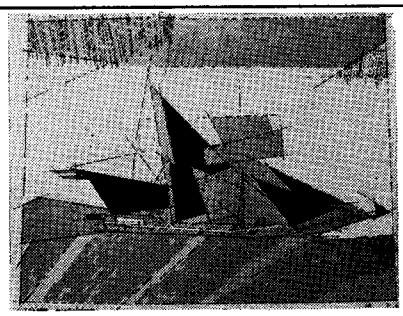

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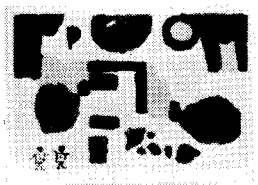

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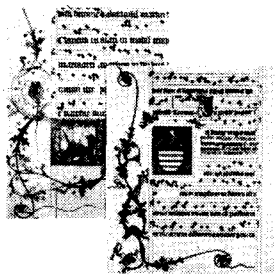

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## The Grand Alliance

At this writing, only one side of the Vietnam debate has been aired in that enclave on Capitol Hill known as the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Others are promised, but so far one does not gain the impression that the committee chairman, Senator J.W. Fulbright, believes there is any other side to the debate.

If the Senator hopes to help find ways to end the war in Vietnam by this kind of televised pleading, he must not have understood the clear messages from Hanoi and Peking. The Vietcong and their allies have repeatedly said that they expect our determination to falter in time and that they are prepared to outlast us, even if it takes a fifty-year struggle. Believing this, they are clearly in no hurry to accept our insistent offers of negotiation. It has been President Johnson's task to convince the Vietcong that they have misread our determination; this was the intent of the declaration of Honolulu.

To undercut the President's move in a forum such as the Senate can only be expected to confirm Hanoi in its miscalculations and make the task of preparing negotiations more difficult. Particularly surprising was Professor George F. Kennan's statement that we should "not get involved with a Government which shares only in part our aspirations," and his concern about what the war is doing to our relations with the Soviet Union. This seemed to suggest a new criterion of diplomacy, which might be called the concept of the immaculate ally—a niche which Kennan clearly believes the Soviet Union well qualified to fill as a government with which Americans can unreservedly share all their aspirations.

As Kennan said in another context, "God grant there is some reality in all this." And may God also grant that the Vietcong are not so misled as to fail to recognize where the reality lies.

## Handicapping the Moon

When the Soviets took Sir Bernard Lovell, director of Britain's Jodrell Bank Experimental Station, to task for prematurely releasing their Luna 9 photo of the moon, it was overlooked in the fuss that Sir Bernard had a history of being a little bit previous on lunar matters.

"I think at the moment the Americans are racing themselves concerning moon research," Sir Bernard observed when he came back from a trip to Moscow in 1963. Sir Bernard, who had earlier postulated a Soviet trip to the moon, gained the impression that there was in fact no race. True, Premier Nikita Khrushchev seemed to lend credence to this view. "It is unimportant who gets there first," Khrushchev remarked. "If the Americans get there before us, we can use their experience."

All this made such good sense to critics of the Kennedy-Johnson administration's priorities in space that it soon became a principal ingredient of their argument that we were wasting funds in a phantom contest. The New York *Times* was to characterize the Apollo program as a "one-nation race" and adduced other evidence to corroborate its case. "The likelihood that the Soviet Union is shooting for a manned lunar landing this decade has been reduced by Premier Khrushchev's own statement," one *Times* editorial averred, "by the Central Intelligence Agency's estimate of Soviet economic difficulties, and by the latest evidence of major Soviet domestic capital investment cutbacks."

A few months later another *Times* editorial put it this way: "There is no reason to believe that the Soviet Union has set any arbitrary date for attaining manned lunar flight, while there is much evidence suggesting that the economic limits on the Soviet moon program are far more restrictive than ours." Senator Fulbright took a somewhat similar position. "I believe," he told his colleagues, "that one of the wisest actions that I have seen taken by the Russian leader was in relation to this subject when he said 'Let the Americans go ahead. We will learn from their experience.'"

Well and good, until March of 1965 when a Soviet cosmonaut took his walk in space and a Soviet space official declared, "The target before us now is the moon, and we hope to reach it in no distant future." By the account of the *Times*' science writer, Walter Sullivan, that remark suggested "that the Russians are, in fact, in the race to the moon—and in it to win." On the editorial page there then appeared some disappointed thoughts about how "Billions of rubles had to be allotted to make this feat possible" when "In the USSR—as everywhere else—there are great unmet needs to which at least some of the billions spent on space research could more usefully be diverted." The editorial was called "The Space Race."

How is the space race going? "The race remains extremely close," said Sir Bernard Lovell after pondering the recent soft landing of the Soviets' spaceship on the moon. Their "concentration on a manned moon landing," he also said—coming full circle if not full orbit on the matter—"is far greater than I had previously imagined."

## The Golden Lining

On March 1, 1954, radioactive ash from a hydrogen bomb test at Bikini Island contaminated eighty-two inhabitants of a tiny atoll called Rongelap, one hundred miles away. It was an accident caused by a shift in winds and the United States,



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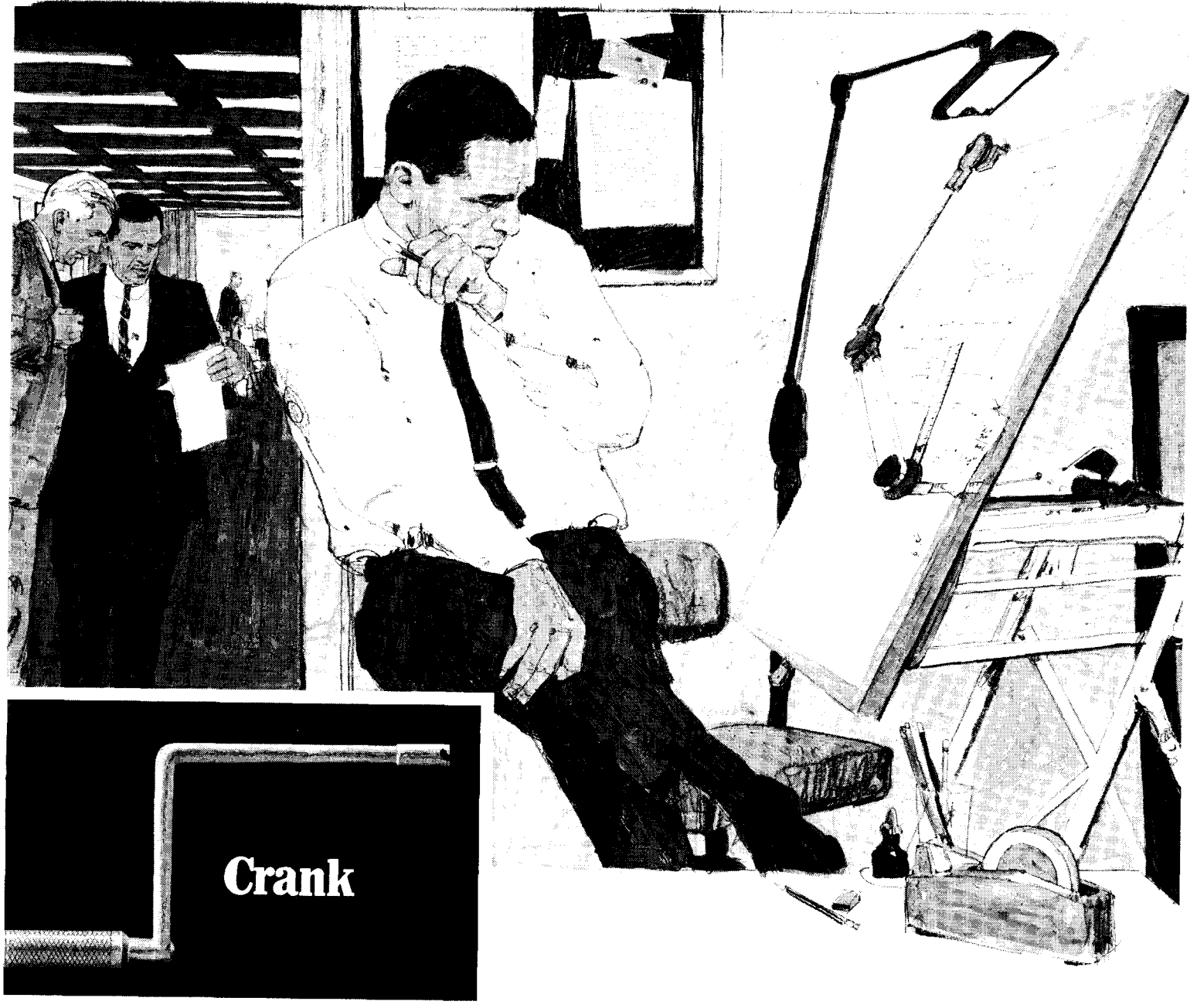


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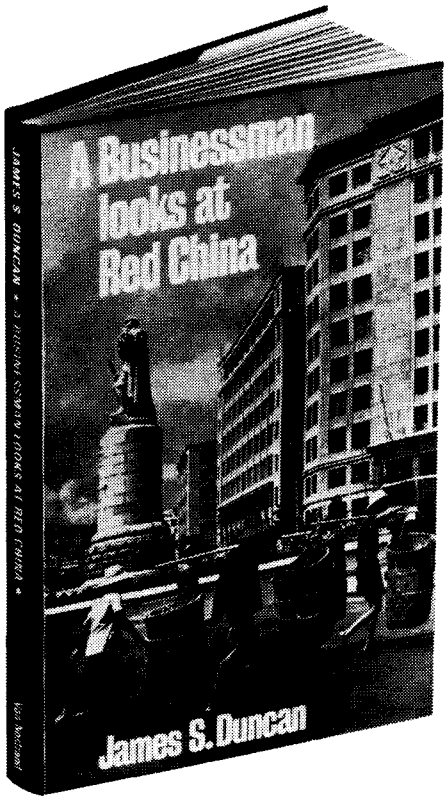


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which has jurisdiction over the Marshall Islands, agreed to compensate the victims, some of whom have suffered from thyroid-gland and other abnormalities.

After long negotiations, the government has finally settled the reparations claims by payments of $11,000 to each of the victims (or, in the cases of several who have since died from other causes, their survivors). One of the difficulties in arriving at an equitable settlement was the fact that until recently the Rongelapians have had no use for money and no banks. Any money they receive they customarily bury in the ground.

This may in time make Rongelap a treasure hunter's paradise. But to teach the islanders the benefits of the civilization that fouled their air, representatives of the Bank of Hawaii are going to Rongelap to conduct a seminar in investments. Perhaps the Rongelapians will plunge in Telstar stock and on clear Pacific nights trace the course of their investment as its bright spark races across the heavens. And if their investments prosper, they may become civilized and educated and learn about a place called Fort Knox, where the white man buries *his* gold.

## The Unbenefited

There are a number of good reasons why the attainment of the four per cent unemployment level announced by the Bureau of Labor Statistics in mid-January has not been greeted with greater fanfare.

For one thing, four per cent nowadays still means three and a quarter million people out of work—and millions more when their dependents are counted. Four per cent may not sound alarming, but three million plus does.

Additions to the labor force for the rest of the 1960's will rise from one million annually in the past five years to 1.5 million a year over the next five. Nearly two-thirds of these additions will be youths under nineteen years of age and men and women over forty-five, traditionally the groups hardest to absorb. And while the current decline in unemployment has spread to Negro labor and to youth, in these areas it continues to persist at levels that are from twice to four times as high as the average. Thus the kind of random unemployment that characterized the Great Depression, which some have endearingly called "democratic," has been replaced by a increasingly selective kind, with serious social and political overtones.

We could perhaps live with the four per cent figure if it were the traditional kind of unemployment. But the new sort is far too uncomfortable, even at four per cent. This situation gives added meaning to the anti-poverty efforts, especially those concentrating on training and education. From now on, we must count less and less on the stimulating effects of the economy's performance in general and turn more and more to specific remedies.

## HUD's Troubles

A renewed fight for "new towns" and rent subsidies, more Federal aid for metropolitan planning, a stepped-up approach to urban renewal via "demonstration cities"—President Lyndon Johnson promised much in his message on cities. The brevity of one section in the message, however, may make it the most worrisome to the new cabinet-level staff of the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD): on the department's responsibility for a mass transportation program, the President opened no new possibilities, but merely asked for a one-year extension of the Housing and Home Finance Agency's current make-do program of aid to commuter transit which now comes under the jurisdiction of HUD.

Such terseness amidst the rhetorical expanse of the "rebirth for American cities" seemed a tipoff that the President has already taken sides in a sibling rivalry between HUD's infant bureaucracy and a new Department of Transportation, still just a gleam in the President's eye. And HUD has already encountered competition from the Health, Education and Welfare and Interior Department in pollution control and urban park land.

The contested territory in this instance is control of Federal involvement in the roads and rails leading into the nation's cities. And so far



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HUD's presumptive rival already holds a technological ace card, a $90-million program to develop a high-speed railway between Boston and Washington. This now belongs to the transportation section of the Commerce Department—which presumably will be the nucleus of the new Transportation Department. Its plans for a Buck Rogers railway will undoubtedly achieve far more dramatic success than HUD's present program of propping up sagging commuter lines for railroads that want to get rid of passenger service anyway. HUD is spending $120 million on its program this year, seemingly throwing good money after bad. Commerce, meanwhile, has already leased a contract for two gas-turbine engines to operate between Boston and Providence, which will cut traveling time by one-third. The basic research program to which Commerce is devoting two-thirds of its funds offers dazzling visions of a train that makes four-hour trips between the farthest points of the Eastern megalopolis. A salient characteristic of these new engines is their ability to accelerate to 160 miles per hour in eighteen seconds, thus making commuter speed a reality with the proper trackage and equipment.

HUD's only weapon against such a technological feat will be the logic of its position that unco-ordinated growth of commuter lines can only lead to the sort of urban chaos produced by railroads in the nineteenth century and highways in the twentieth. If HUD's "new towns" are to join civilization, it maintains, HUD must provide the co-ordinated means.

A reluctant Congress may be the ultimate arbiter of the dispute. Transportation would be the twelfth cabinet department and the second created in two years. Congressmen might well ask whether the large scale programs demanded by the Great Society do not require a higher degree of co-ordination. For the problem of transportation, like those of other sectors, cuts across departmental lines, often creating overlapping administrative responsibility and threatening to absorb a good part of the funds and attention that rightfully belong to the programs themselves.



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# How Strong Is the NLF?

DOUGLAS PIKE

SAIGON

THE VIETCONG'S National Liberation Front (NLF) received a strong boost from Hanoi on January 24 when Ho Chi Minh dispatched a form letter to leaders of the Communist nations. In it Ho characterized the NLF as "fighting to achieve independence, democracy, peace, neutrality, and advancing toward the peaceful reunification of the fatherland." He declared that "If the United States really wants peace, it must recognize the NLF as the sole genuine representative of the people of South Vietnam." This position is an exact restatement of the position Hanoi has maintained toward the NLF over the years. What it failed to take into account, however, was the changed condition of the apparatus in the South, upon which so much of the Communist effort in Vietnam depends.

On the morning of January 7, an episode took place here that serves to point up this change. A three-man Vietcong terror squad, led by a thirty-six-year-old Vietcong activist named Nguyen Anh Tuan, loaded a 264-pound chunk of explosive plastic with detonator into the false bottom of a three-wheeled cycle cart and pedaled it downtown toward the Alabama Hotel, where several hundred U.S. troops are billeted. A few blocks short of the hotel the three were arrested by suspicious police. At a press conference a week later, Tuan told newsmen that his only regret in the affair was his failure to achieve his mission. Tuan's candid attitude and his unconcern over the danger to Vietnamese children in a school adjacent to the hotel ("Such deaths cannot be helped") struck newsmen here as a refreshing change from the hypocritical posturings of the Vietcong over the years. Here was the enemy as he really was: a true believer acting without remorse for his victims and staunchly refusing to hide behind the standard captured Vietcong prisoner's plea that he had been involved in the whole thing against his will.

Yet Tuan's act, even if he had succeeded, would not really have been responsive to the present needs of the Vietcong cause. A successful explosion at the Alabama would not have moved the Vietcong any closer



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to victory, but would only have hardened American and Vietnamese determination, as have similar bombings in the past. The Alabama effort, in fact, was an old reflexive response to new circumstances, a failure to consider the changes taking place on both sides. As such, it was symptomatic in many ways of the general condition of the Vietcong as it enters the sixth year of the war.

### Changes for the Worse

The Vietcong have lost the close identification with the people that marked their earlier days. The ranks of the older Vietcong cadres (roughly equivalent to officers, but loosely used to set full-time trained professionals apart from local supporters) have been thinned. There is now a dated quality and an inadequacy about their efforts. The idealistic attraction has faded. Vietcong supporters now mutter guardedly about the "revolution betrayed," and splinter groups call themselves "true Communist revolutionaries." Individual cadres complain in reports that the villagers have "lost their revolutionary vigor" or have become "mere bourgeois revolutionaries content only with gains in land reform."

Chiefly this is the result of Vietcong actions: increased taxation, forced conscription, and the brutal and bloody measures stemming from the Vietcong's almost paranoiac preoccupation with spies in its midst. The stepped-up air war also has had the effect of turning the villagers against the Vietcong. Instead of being their protector they now regard it as the magnet that attracts bombs and rockets and napalm from the air, and shells from distant artillery posts. The guerrilla war, once rooted in the people, has become a giant slugging match, and the ideals for which it claimed to stand—and which many Americans here in early days regarded with a certain sympathy—have been trampled under foot. Many changes have been taking place, of which the most significant involve Vietcong organization, cadres, and doctrine.

From an organizational standpoint, one of the great advantages the Vietcong enjoyed in earlier days was a deliberately clouded picture of its true character. Socially, politically, militarily, and diplomatically, Vietnam is one of the most complex countries of the twentieth century. Given this condition, the Vietcong was able to build and maintain a reputation abroad for being more or less an "agarian reform" organization when virtually no one in Vietnam ever regarded it as such.

The NLF, founded in 1960, can be traced back through its immediate precursor, the Vietminh, to the Chinese Communist revolution. There are differences, to be sure, but there are also a host of similarities. The NLF organizers succeeded in enmeshing the rural Vietnamese villager in

a network of "liberation associations" from which he has found no escape except to flee his village as a refugee. A pseudo government, an administrative liberation-association chain of command, was created, running vertically down from the NLF central committee to the village. At the village there was additionally a horizontal structure of liberation associations (at least six in each village: workers, farmers, youth, women, students, and cultural) as well as a tangled web of other social movements and organizations. All these were created ostensibly in the name of the villager and for his benefit. The farmer, for example, would get his own land, taken from the absentee landlord; women would get social status and equal rights with men, etc. Once recruited, the villager was told by the agitprop cadre that he must fight to defend the "fruit of the revolution" or lose his gains, which, specifically, meant taking orders from the cadres and contributing—financially and otherwise—to the cause. The villager thus found himself trapped in the organizational web, the victim of a campaign of social pressure, persuasion, indoctrination, intimidation, or outright terror, usually in that order.

Over the years the NLF demonstrated an impressive internal cohesion. The chief credit for this goes to the People's Revolutionary Party (PRP), which acts like the reinforcing rods in a ferroconcrete wall. The PRP, which publicly refers to itself as the "Marxist-Leninist element of the NLF," was formed in 1962 to succeed the Lao Dong, or Communist Party in South Vietnam. For a graphic representation of their relationship, picture the NLF as a broad-based pyramid with the villages at the bottom and the central committee at the top, and the PRP as a thinner and harder core pyramid within, but also rising from base to apex.

AMPLE EVIDENCE of the nature and role of the PRP exists in its own published materials, captured documents, and defectors' testimony. For example, a "Party Training Manual for Cadres," dated October, 1965, declares:

"The People's Revolutionary Party is the party of the laboring class which will lead the people of South Vietnam to final victory. . . . The party's objective . . . is to overthrow imperialism, colonialism, and feudalism, to make or remake a life of peace, prosperity, and happiness with no more oppression and extortion . . . to smash the U.S. and its feudal servants and liberate the South.

"Once independence is obtained," the manual continues, "the next step is unification [of the two Vietnams], constructed and consolidated in every way to make the country powerful and rich, a stronghold of peace. Then will come the social reorganization work, along socialist-communist principles: land without



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demarcations, co-operative electrification of the rural areas, re-education of individuals, nationalization of private property, cultural and scientific education for everyone, all progressing day after day to better and better things in all fields. Also,

helping other small weak countries to struggle against imperialism."

The society envisioned by the PRP for South Vietnam is clearly a Communist one. Perhaps this is the reason that the elite in South Vietnam has refused to support or co-operate with it. Not one South Vietnamese political figure of any note has ever associated himself with the NLF, nor has any important member of any Saigon government ever defected. Religious leaders likewise have consistently refused to associate themselves with the movement, whereas the Vietminh was supported by many religionists, including Catholics.

### The Keystone

The NLF leaders are obscure. The chairman of the central committee, Nguyen Huu Tho, was a Saigon lawyer who sat out the Vietminh war and first ventured into political activism in the early 1950's when he led an anti-U.S. demonstration in Saigon. Nguyen Van Hieu, the NLF's first secretary-general and single most important figure, was a Saigon journalist with neither status nor following when he joined the NLF. The present secretary-general, Huynh Tan Phat, an architect, was and still is largely unknown to the general Vietnamese population. The PRP leadership has always been exclusively northern or loyal to the North. Like the NLF, it built a tight cadre structure.

The cadre has been the workhorse of the Vietcong effort since its inception. The cadre is told, and it is true, that "On your shoulders rests the entire burden of the revolution." Even after years of sifting through captured cadre reports, one is still impressed by the incredibly heavy loads which the cadres are expected to carry.

For example, a recent central committee directive to district cadres informed them that during the following month they were to: "(1) Increase recruitment into the Liberation Army by twenty-five per cent; (2) Increase tax revenues in the district by ten per cent . . . ; (5) Develop an intensive Hate America campaign in your area . . . ; (7) Eliminate all spies and reactionary [i.e., pro-government] persons in your area";—and so on, the listing continuing for a total of seventeen items, any one of which would have occupied the full attention of a cadre for a month. At the end of the month, back goes the cadre's report, packed with statistics and evaluation. Then, a short time later, back down the line comes the "criticism memo": "Although you achieved your norms in Items 1, 4, 7, 9, 11, and 17," it reads, "you were deficient and therefore must rectify . . . Nos. 2, 3, 5, 6 . . ."

The ideal Vietcong cadre is a person who can go into a Vietnamese village and deliver an impassioned speech that will bring the villagers to their feet shouting, an ability as rare in Vietnam as anywhere else. He must also be skilled in guerrilla tactics, especially, the ambush. In the hands of the Vietcong, this basic tactical unit has become far more than simply two machine guns pointing down a road. It has emerged as a rather sophisticated form of warfare, involving many elements: a frontal force, a closing force, a reinforcement ambush force, and a pursuit ambush force, all employed according to terrain, weather, size of the enemy force, etc. An ambush becomes a deadly chess game, successful only if you outthink your enemy. It calls for a high order of skill, intelligence, and experience in leaders, again rare qualities anywhere.

Thus the cadre can be the strength and weakness of the Vietcong. And while the principle that by developing good lower-level leadership an organization can become efficient and powerful is correct, it also follows that such an organization is extremely vulnerable if anything happens to its cadre structure. And this precisely is what has happened.

Over the past five years the Vietcong has lost, chiefly through battle attrition, about six thousand cadres. This may not be excessive

considering the magnitude of the Vietcong effort, but it represents an incalculable loss to the organization. Rank-and-file soldiers can be replaced, but loss of a cadre permanently damages the system. In fact, the genesis of Hanoi's deep involvement in the South can be traced to the cadre shortage. At first these were the so-called "regrouped Southerners," Vietnamese who had gone north during Operation Exodus in 1954-1955. Soon this relatively small reservoir was exhausted, and by mid-1964 the "pure" northern cadre started appearing in numbers in the South.

But the supply from the North could not keep pace with the rank-



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and-file buildup in 1965, when the Vietcong's strength was increased by some twenty per cent. The overall quality of the cadre has continued to decline, damaging the effectiveness and efficiency of the entire movement. Unskilled, poorly trained leaders have been thrown into the breach, especially in the Mekong Delta. Being unequal to the task they face, they have increasingly alienated the people by what strikes the observer as unnecessary brutality in conscription and taxation.

Cadre morale itself is low, as is the morale of the Vietcong rank and file. The year 1965 had been billed as the year of victory for the Vietcong, but the year's end found the Vietcong further from victory than ever. Shortages in food, medicine, and almost all other supplies except ammunition resulted from the rapid expansion of manpower. Worse, the influx of northern cadres led to marked hostility on the part of the Southerners, who resent the high-handed manner of the Northerner, a feeling exacerbated by deep and long-standing regional prejudices. In fact, region in Vietnam is as important as caste is in India. Their arrival deeply eroded the indigenous base of the NLF, for the Northerner is totally loyal to Hanoi. Finally, the northern cadre has brought what historians may record as the most significant and disastrous change—that of doctrine.

### Doctrine into Myth

Vietcong theoreticians have traditionally held that there are three routes to victory: (1) the *Khoi Nghia*, or general uprising; (2) the famed Mao-Giap three-stage revolutionary guerrilla war; or (3) coalition government.

*Khoi Nghia* is a social myth, in the Sorelian usage. It is similar to and may have stemmed from the myth of the General Strike, which was so powerful in early days of the Communist movement.

The myth is this: cadres, working through the various liberation associations and other social movements, arouse the social consciousness of the villager and engage him in a series of activities not unlike the civil-rights efforts in the United States, that is, mass meetings, demonstrations, protest marches, letters to district chiefs, and petitions, all lumped together under the term "struggle movement." Gradually this struggle movement will spread throughout the society and especially into the ranks of the South Vietnamese Army. Then, one morning, the whole country will explode and struggle movements will erupt simultaneously in all the 2,300 villages of the nation. At the same time the final disintegration of the army will take place and the soldiers will join the people en masse. No one will be left but a few imperialist lackeys in Saigon. With no opposition, the people will march to power.

This was the doctrine that dominated Vietcong thinking from 1960 to 1964. Basically a political or social strategy, it was not, however, regarded as bloodless: the Vietcong from 1958 to the present has assassinated or executed an estimated 61,000 Vietnamese village leaders and governmental representatives.

The *Khoi Nghia* strategy came perilously close to success with the widespread disorders and violence

that developed during and after the last days of the Diem government, in late 1963 and early 1964. During that period the Vietcong stood at the gate of victory, but slowly its strength receded. The reasons are complex. Basically they stem from the new alignments and divisions of political power that emerged, involving the Buddhist leadership, students, Catholics, and of course the South Vietnamese military, all of whom had been relatively unimportant under the rigid controls of the Diem government. As a result, *Khoi Nghia* was abandoned by the leadership, although some of its forms still are practiced.

The doctrinal shift, which came in early 1964, was to the revolutionary guerrilla war of Mao Tse-tung and North Vietnam's General Vo Nguyen Giap. It was speeded and reinforced by the arrival of northern cadres, whose great political and military experience had been the Vietminh war against the French. Former southern Vietcong cadres who have quit under Saigon's *chieu hoi* (amnesty) program have described the transformation. One of them told me:

"The Northerners said the idea of *Khoi Nghia* was all wrong, that the only way we could win was the way the Vietminh won, by building up our military forces, delivering military and psychological blows against the enemy, and finally fighting a new Dienbienphu and driving them into the sea."

### Fighting the Wrong War

The military doctrine continues to dominate the Vietcong, although *chieu hoi* returnees report that the whole concept of victory on the battlefield is being called into question in Vietcong ranks. Doubts are being raised as to whether the revolutionary guerrilla-warfare techniques that won against the French are still applicable to face an entirely new technology of warfare.

The Vietcong leadership recognizes the condition but refuses to accept it as serious. Captured documents refer to the "problem" of the helicopter, whose mobility has transformed the face of the war in Vietnam, or the "problem" of tactical air support and its ability to concentrate firepower. Or, most frequently, the "problem" of the high-flying bombers from Guam, against which the Vietcong are totally impotent. At criticism and self-criticism sessions, returnees say, high Vietcong officials try to convince skeptical cadres that these problems can be solved. To deal with the problem of the



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helicopter, they say to drive sixteen-foot bamboo spikes into the ground, thus preventing the helicopters from landing. To solve the problem of the B-52, dig air-raid shelters deeper than fifteen feet (or, as one American facetiously advised, drive 16,000-foot bamboo spikes into the ground). To solve the problem of tactical air power, they advise closing with the enemy in hand-to-hand combat, or attacking in small units on many fronts rather than by massed frontal assault.

The Vietcong is obsessed with the air power it faces. A significant percentage of Vietcong casualties now comes from the air. It was no accident that Radio Liberation, the Vietcong station, called the sabotage explosion at the Metropole Hotel in Saigon last December a blow against air power: "More than 200 U.S. jet pilots were killed or wounded . . . bloodthirsty pirates who daily sow death in North and South Vietnam" (Actually eight persons were killed, six of them Vietnamese; there were no pilots living at the Metropole, which is a billet for administrative and Medical Corps enlisted men).

The advice of the Vietcong officials adds up to little more than to make the best of a bad situation. But new secret electronic devices and other weapons are blunting or nullifying many formerly effective guerrilla tactics. In all likelihood, technology has made a Vietcong military victory impossible. Lower-level cadres now know this. Probably the upper levels of the NLF and PRP in the South sense it. But apparently the leadership in Hanoi either cannot or will not face the obvious.

ALL ALONG, the NLF has had a minority element which argued that the surest route to power was through the establishment of an NLF coalition with a Saigon government. This approach, it was argued, would call for a certain amount of social disorder of the *Khoi Nghia* type as well as some guerrilla warfare, but basically it would be the entering wedge of a move to bypass the enemy's military strength, use his own political disorganization to disorganize him further, and outflank the American presence. However, for any serious step toward coalition government, timing is all-important. If the Vietcong had taken this route at the start and stuck to it, it might very well have succeeded. Now, however, after more militant means have failed, any suggestion of coalition government would probably smell of defeat and would be widely regarded as a sign of weakness by the Vietnamese.

All that remains of the idea of coalition government is the slender

hope that some leverage for the NLF might be salvaged from a return to the Geneva accords. The possible outcome of any free election that might be held under such circumstances is worth examining. Of South Vietnam's fifteen million people, slightly more than half are under eighteen years of age, leaving a voting population of about seven million, of whom perhaps five million could be expected to cast ballots. The Vietcong force consists of the following: 55,000 Main Force soldiers, the full-time, salaried military in formal units; about 115,000 guerrilla regionals or territorials, the so-called part-time guerrilla who fights and lives in his home territory; and about 45,000 political agitprop, tax-collecting, indoctrination, training, and administrative cadres, many of whom are Northerners. In addition there are 15,000 North Vietnamese Army troops in South Vietnam who are now arriving at the rate of about 4,000 a month; presumably some of these might vote. Behind this force are an estimated 500,000 true believers, persons who for one reason or another voluntarily support the Vietcong cause and are willing to take risks to do so, as in hiding guerrillas, feeding them, and supplying information. This totals over 730,000. If one includes a quarter of a million additional votes from sympathizers, the Vietcong would get less than one million out of the five to seven million votes cast.

This is a generous estimate. Others are less generous. A recent study of Vietnamese village attitudes indicates that ten per cent of the villagers are true believers, twenty per cent waver between the Vietcong and the Saigon government, while the attitudes of seventy per cent range from a sort of determined neutralism to outright hostility toward the Vietcong. Using these figures, the Vietcong could only count for certain on its ten per cent, or 500,000 votes, plus some portion of the one million votes of the wavering twenty per cent, depending on the campaign and circumstances. But this would leave it far short of anything like a majority.

Nothing at the moment indicates that the Vietcong leadership is willing to take its chances at the polls. The Vietcong does not have now, and never has had, the majority of the people behind it. It would be lucky to get ten per cent of the votes cast in an authentic election.

In sum, the Vietcong today finds itself in a doctrinal box with all three of its possible routes to victory —the socio-political, the military, and the diplomatic—closed to it. Consequently, it has fallen back on the sterile thesis of the protracted conflict that will be won because the enemy, the United States, will tire of the whole affair and withdraw. But this does nothing for its own morale. Guerrillas living in swamps, without adequate food or medical care, far from their families, cannot be expected to fight on indefinitely.



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# Behind the Battlefront: A Search for Stability

DENIS WARNER

"The Americans can teach us a lot, but they cannot teach us how to love our country," a cynical and frustrated Vietnamese friend told me in the summer of 1963. He foresaw the coup against Diem as the inevitable climax to the Buddhist crisis. As a nationalist and as a Buddhist closely associated with Thich Tam Chau, he worked for the coup, although he was pessimistic about the future and accurately predicted the instability that would accompany the interplay between the military, political, and religious forces on the non-Communist side.

My friend, a well-to-do member of the middle class, escaped from a Vietminh prison in North Vietnam in 1949, lived incognito for a time to hide from the French, fled south from Hanoi after the 1954 Geneva Agreement, ran for a seat in the National Assembly in 1959 and was disqualified on one of the technicalities that made a mockery of those elections, moved from house to house to escape arrest in the closing days of the Diem régime, and finally spent several months as the unwilling guest of one of the subsequent military governments. His experience, his frustration, and above all his inability (or his failure) to make a single meaningful contribution toward either the prosecution of the war or to the nation-building that he knows is essential but about whose prospects he is so cynical are typical not only of his class and generation but of the whole Vietnam problem.

## Loss Through Gain

With the great influx of American men and matériel, the government of Vietnam is no longer in danger of losing the war by outright military defeat, but it does not follow that it is all the more ready for peace. "With every régime since Diem there has been a decline of at least five per cent in administrative efficiency," an American official in Saigon estimated. Another official in Danang was even more pessimistic: "Militarily, the hard-core Vietcong battle formations will eventually be eliminated," he said, "but politically and economically the situation is in a terrible mess. There seems to be no political motivation. Politically, the country is dying."

It was a gloomy view. But as 1965 drew to a close there was little evidence of the national unity and identity of interest and purpose required to win a permanent political victory over the NLF. The government led by Air Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky and controlled by the generals' National Leadership Council survived the lunar New Year holiday period despite astrologers' predictions that this would be the time for a new coup d'état. But mere survival is no substitute for administrative progress. If pursuit of the war to the bitter end were the goal, it might not matter too much whether South Vietnam had a government at all. But since the United States, as President Johnson explained in his State of the Union message, is fighting "for the principle of self-determination—that the people of South Vietnam should be able to choose their own course, choose it in free elections without violence, without terror, and without fear," the prevailing political situation can only be cause for the utmost concern.

For a time last year a gratifying rise in both civil and military morale, in itself a political factor of major significance, reflected the American military buildup and the improved war situation. But then, unfulfilled expectations, the painful discovery that though the war is not being lost it is also not being won, and widespread uncertainty about the American peace offensive resulted in a new letdown. Worse still, vital though the increased American military commitment has been in denying the Vietcong what they believed would be an early victory, it has in many ways added to the government's unpopularity.

Getting the troops in fast and creating the base areas from which they could operate took priority during the greater part of 1965. This saved the war but it also caused a major diversion of human and material resources from the rural reconstruction program, intensified inflation, and stimulated corruption and vice. Thus what was gained militarily was offset by political losses. In province after province I heard the same story: the rural-aid program had bogged down because of prior needs for military construction. Almost everywhere there were shortages of raw materials, of skilled labor and contractors, and sometimes (because of inflation) of



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money. The situation was even more striking in the cities, which had hitherto managed to remain relatively insulated from the economic side effects of the war.

On several occasions, according to prisoners and defectors, the Vietcong have seen the opportunity to introduce their own battalions into a Saigon coup d'état but have refrained. "The National Liberation Front points out that it would be easy for it to take over the government because one or two battalions in Saigon could carry out a coup d'état," one Vietcong leader told his interrogators. "However, it would not be easy for the Front to remain in power because of the presence of American troops and equipment."

As the Vietcong assess the situation, Saigon and the other main cities and towns must eventually be taken—but from within rather than from without. Their program is twofold: to infiltrate the Vietnamese government and army, and to exploit public grievances against the government by cutting off food, fuel, and power to the towns. The demands of the military buildup have recently added to these civilian complaints.

SEVENTEEN YEARS have passed since I first became a regular visitor to Saigon, and I have seen it pass through many crises and undergo many changes. Even at the worst periods of the Indo-China war it preserved its own air of being a gay French provincial town against an Asian backdrop. The champagne corks popped and the roulette wheels spun even while Dienbienphu was falling. Ngo Dinh Diem tried to emphasize Sagion's Vietnamese character and to impose his own prim and never really respected austerity. Café chairs disappeared from the sidewalks, dancing went underground, and the casinos closed.

Today Saigon has changed again. It has finally become a war town. The charm of the tree-lined streets has been fouled by the exhaust fumes of the interminable military traffic. Soldiers fill the sidewalks and the bars and the beds of the battalions of bar girls. It is expensive, dirty, and bitter. For the first time, there are also undertones of anti-Americanism.

When it comes to concubinage, the Saigonese are hardly the ones to throw stones. I suggested this to a complaining Vietnamese, who replied, "But at least we are discreet. This is open and public. The city has become just one great brothel, demoralizing everyone in it."

Most Vietnamese middle-class families used to keep servants, paying them about 1,500 piastres a month (about $12.70). The going American rate for a servant is about 3,000 piastres, and the housemaids have followed the money. "A girl gets 3,000 piastres from the Americans for simply cleaning shoes and sweeping the house," said a Vietnamese newspaperman. "If she's willing to go to bed too, she earns 10,000 piastres or more. With bed time and bar time, a hard-working bar girl can make fifty times a soldier's pay."

Not all the economic effects of the military buildup, the construction boom, or even the moral decline are bad. The family system is

strong and the girls' earnings have provided some seventy-five thousand Saigon families, and thousands more in other cities and towns, with undreamed-of wealth. For those not connected with the contracting business or without daughters in the bar trade, however, the economic pressures have become extremely painful.

Few Vietnamese needing a house or an apartment can afford to pay the prevailing rents. "Six months ago I was offered 35,000 piastres a month for my house," one Vietnamese told me. "Now the offer is up to 100,000 piastres. I've even been offered 10,000 piastres if I'll let an American soldier have the use of one room."

### The Price of Eggs

The importation of 250,000 tons of rice in 1965 and an added flow of consumer goods under the U.S. economic-aid program have eased the inflationary pressures. There is even a sharp division of opinion among the Americans and the Vietnamese about how acute these pressures really are. A survey by the American embassy after the first seven months of 1965 showed a rise of only sixteen per cent in the price of basic consumer goods. Vietnamese officials say the total increase in the cost of living during the past year is about fifty per cent. Private citizens in the middle class say it is much higher. "Before Ky came to power we used to pay two piastres for an egg," one householder told me. "Now we pay six. The price of bacon used to be two piastres for a hundred grams. Now it is eight. The government says it controls the price of rice, but you can't get rice at the government price. The official price is six to seven piastres for a kilogram. I have to pay fourteen."

Corruption has always been a factor in Vietnamese society, but never before has it approached current levels. Workers on fixed incomes have become involved just to keep their families going. In higher brackets, the much larger volume of money available has made the pickings richer than ever. Deals in real estate in American base areas and in American contracts have enriched some of the highest officials and their wives.

The rake-off system might not necessarily weaken the war effort but only make it more expensive. In the peculiar situation here, however, where the government's reputation is compared constantly with that of the Vietcong, the side effects are also always bad. "I was working with an excellent Vietnamese," said an American official in the Mekong Delta. "Not long ago he dismissed a totally incompetent subordinate who had bought his posi-



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tion by paying a bribe of 55,000 piastres to one of the deputy ministers. The man was returned to his post by the deputy minister. The effect has been to discredit the Vietnamese official and everything we were trying to do."

THE PERIOD of government instability may not have ended, but the situation is better than it was a year ago. Nevertheless, some Vietnamese have reservations about the circumstances of the present calm. "The only thing worse for the country than unstable government is stable bad government," said a Vietnamese who believes that the military can either fight a war or run a government but that they cannot do both effectively at the same time.

Although rumors and predictions of a coup were widespread in December and January, there appears to be a belated realization among the latest crop of generals that too many layers of top military leadership have been stripped off by other coups, and that any new attempt to win power by force is liable to be both bloody and inconclusive,

Ky is still brash and far too talkative, but he has grown in stature and maturity with the job. "I think the generals realize at last that no soldier who may replace Ky will be any better than Ky," a usually critical politician told me. Yet Ky has his opponents both within and beyond the ranks of the eleven generals on the National Leadership Council, in whose hands ultimate authority rests.

Westerners watch with some apprehension the enigmatic and outspoken General Nguyen Chanh Thi, commander of the I Corps. Those who know Thi best are confident that he has no thoughts of a coup, or political ambitions beyond the I Corps area. They point instead to General Nguyen Huu Co, who was once both chief of staff and Minister of Defense. Co is Cochin Chinese, the one real Southerner in the National Leadership Council, and his loss of position as chief of staff was personally painful and directed attention once again to the regional differences that have plagued all administrations, including that of Ngo Dinh Diem.

Dissatisfaction with the present administration involves far more than regional considerations, however. Thich Tri Quang, the most militant of all the Buddhist leaders and the director of the campaign that brought about the fall of the Diem régime, is a bitter critic. His target is General Nguyen Van Thieu, the head of the National Leadership Council and de facto head of state. Thieu is a Catholic, a sufficient cause for Tri Quang's enmity. "Thieu is nothing but a military fascist who has worked for his own ends," Tri Quang told an interviewer last year. "The Vietnamese people cannot accept a government led by such a fascist. . . . I am also against this government."

Not all Buddhist leaders share this view. A government grant of ten million piastres for a new pagoda in Saigon went to a group of Buddhists led by Thich Quang Lien, whose "peace" movement caused concern a year ago. General Co handed over the check at the end of a speech in which he said the government did not believe in bribing religious groups! Thich Tam Chau, another strongly militant monk and always a potential threat to any government, was rewarded for his co-operation by a goodwill tour for himself and some of his supporters to Taiwan, Japan, Korea, and Hong Kong. The Catholic community reacted predictably to these gestures. In guarded terms, the Catholic hierarchy has expressed its disapproval of the government, and in both Hué and Saigon the students have become increasingly restive.

None of this opposition is serious enough to bring the mobs into the streets again, and the immediate danger period of a coup d'état appears to have passed. By any standards, this is an improvement on recent performances. Unfortunately, mere survival is far from enough. Both the war and the peace call for effective government or popular government, and preferably both. Even Ky's keenest supporters do not claim that his government has thus far met these criteria.

INITIALLY, Saigon and Washington presented a common front on the peace issue. Both agreed that the chief prerequisite was the withdrawal of all Vietcong forces from South Vietnam. As an asking price that would inevitably be whittled down after long and hard bargaining, this was not necessarily unrealistic. But while Saigon insists that the asking and settling prices are identical and not negotiable, President Johnson's State of the Union message suggests that Washington has moved appreciably from its original position. When the President said "We will work for a cease-fire now or once discussions have begun," he raised new fears in Saigon that Washington would accept a cease-fire as the basis for negotiations. Saigon would accept this only under great pressure. Judging from press reports of the Honolulu conference between the President and the Saigon political leaders, this delicate question remains unresolved.

As many Vietnamese and Americans see it, the difference between the situation in Vietnam and that in Korea at the time of the cease-



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fire could scarcely be greater. The Korean War was entirely conventional. There were front lines and secure base areas. No guerrillas operated along the lines of communication. In Vietnam there are no really identifiable lines and no base area is secure. The Vietcong, as has been said many times, are everywhere and nowhere.

Thus, while the cease-fire in Korea had the effect of separating the two sides, a cease-fire in South Vietnam would merely remove the armed deterrent to the Vietcong's political activities. It could, in effect, be used as a springboard for a major subversive offensive, and, but for the dogged intransigence of Peking and its supporters in the Hanoi régime, precisely this sort of initiative might have been expected from Ho Chi Minh. Saigon and the Saigon-Washington alliance are singularly ill prepared to meet it.

**The Generals Remain in Power**

No one favors an immediate return to civil government. "It's impossible," a senior civilian member of the Ky government told me. "The students, the Catholics, the Buddhists, and the military have all shown they can destroy a civil government any time they feel inclined."

Ky's plan, which he announced in January, is to create a Council for the Building of Democracy. The Council, which will be made up of leading citizens, will draw up a constitution. This will be submitted to the Vietnamese people in a referendum in November, as a prelude to general elections next year.

The record of the ill-fated and short-lived Council of Notables makes it difficult to raise much enthusiasm for the plan. The deliberations of the Council are apt to prove time-consuming and its ultimate goal utopian. Even more important, Vietnam needs not just political progress but the visible proof of political progress—and the Council for the Building of Democracy offers nothing but prospects of acrimonious discussion during most of this critical year.

Two alternative plans that had been under discussion seemed more likely at first to produce results. The first was simply to add nominated civilians to the National Leadership Council as a preliminary step toward the creation of a National Assembly and a much more broad-based government. Although the initial predominance of the military in the Council was not to be challenged and the civilians would have been in a minority, the generals were not receptive to any dilution of their authority.

They were even less receptive to the proposal that the provincial election of last May, one of the country's most encouraging political developments, should be exploited. Out of a total potential electorate of about seven million, 3.5 million went to the polls in every South Vietnamese province to elect provincial and city councilors. Dr. Phan Quang Dan, the only untried politician of stature, proved that he has lost none of his voter appeal with a sweeping victory in Gia Dinh Province.

Candidates were carefully screened, but the election itself was certainly the most honest Vietnam has ever known. For some of the generals, however, the election was too honest. One or two of them canvassed western embassies with the proposal that the election be scrapped and held all over again in the hope that this would produce a result more favorable to the régime.

Discouraged from taking this step, they were in no mood to listen to petitions from the successful candidates that forty-nine provincial and city councilors should form the nucleus of a ninety-eight-man Consultative Assembly (half elected and half nominated) as the first step toward constitutional government and general elections. Instead, news of the provincial councils is censored, even when it is not critical of the government.

Dr. Dan, who has a sound revolutionary and anti-Communist background and the distinction of having been the only opposition candidate ever to win a seat in the National Assembly during the Diem régime, sees in the stifling of the councils a continuation of the process that has for many years crushed all genuine nationalist movements. "Vietnamese nationalists haven't had a chance," he told me. "They were suppressed by the French, by Diem, and now by the current government. They have never had the opportunity to try to form a mass party. Government censorship is worse than ever. Corruption is worse than ever."

It sometimes seems that South Vietnam almost has a death wish. The disparate groups that make up this society have healthy, if often different, reasons for not wanting to live under Communist rule; but the fragmentation is so complete that one wonders whether the pieces can ever be put together.

The only real hope would seem to lie in the proposed U.S.-initiated



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and U.S.-financed projects to build from the bottom. "Maybe Ed Lansdale will come out of Gocong Province with a new Magsaysay and everything will be all right," one American official speculated. Lansdale himself laughs off the idea as a misconception of his role as the chief adviser on pacification. Essentially this involves an extensive and largely depersonalized new approach to the villages, where the Vietcong built their own strength.

THIS IS where we came in years ago: land reform, the strategic-hamlet program, and what used to be called civic action. I have been going back over my notebooks trying to measure past expectations against results as a basis for evaluating the present efforts. The exercise is not only dispiriting but also unfair. Almost everywhere the observer is able to travel in relative safety, he finds dedicated men at work on programs for the rural areas. Most of the programs lean heavily on painful past experience and are designed to avoid previous errors. This is true even in the most critical areas.

In Pleiku, the nerve center in the High Plateau, political-action teams are learning not only how to improve village welfare but also how to fight. In Danang, General Thi has his own crash program for training village cadres. Two hundred graduates are going every seven weeks into the coastal areas of Quang Nam and Quang Ngai Provinces. In the Mekong Delta, the first mobile police units have brought the Saigon administrative presence to Long An Province.

If the reported demoralization in the Vietcong ranks continues to grow, and if Washington's new and ambitious plans for social and economic reconstruction bear fruit, these methods ought to work. For the first time, it seems, the Vietcong are to be challenged in the villages by groups of their own size and with skills to match their own. One all-important link is missing—Vietnamese organization and co-ordination. For the time being, the Lansdale team and its supporting U.S. agencies have the means to provide it; but in the long haul, it will be up to the South Vietnamese government.

# The Information War In Saigon

HANSON W. BALDWIN

"IT'S a Madison Avenue war," the harried public information officer complained. "We are supposed to fight an immaculate war—never kill civilians, never be ambushed, never make mistakes. Hell! We're human; we're bound to make mistakes. We'd be a damn sight better off if we were allowed to be more frank, more honest."

His comments emphasize a major factor, largely ignored, that may ultimately determine the outcome of the war: the factor of public opinion. For the government's reputation for credibility or lack of it—its relationships with the press, the reporting of the war, and the effect of the whole upon the American public in particular and world public opinion in general—could win or lose the war, regardless of what happens in the jungle battles.

Public information officers in Vietnam sometimes compare their problems with the French experience in Algeria. There is little doubt that France had won the Algerian war in a military sense: the guerrillas were stalemated. But it lost the war at home because the French public had wearied of the fight. The influence of public opinion upon contemporary history has already been of major importance in our Vietnamese policies. It is certain to become more important now that Hanoi has once again rejected the President's persistent peace overtures and a long war of attrition appears probable.

In every insurgency conflict, public opinion is a major and often the dominant factor in the outcome. In Vietnam, Hanoi's hopes are keyed to winning the battle of public opinion. Encouraged by the anti-war demonstrations, editorials, and columns in this country, and by de Gaulle's open criticisms and Britain's lukewarm attitude, Hanoi clearly believes that the United States will not have the fortitude or the patience to stay the course. Unfortunately—and for reasons that are in part remediable—the enemy appears to have made some gains in his efforts to capitalize upon these elements.

There are three major weaknesses in our public-relations apparatus in Washington and in Vietnam. The first and by far the most damaging is what has been described as the "credibility gap"—the lack of belief of far too many people in the government's word. The second is the failure of some of our officials in Vietnam to present their case as honestly, as rapidly, and as effectively as they might have done. The


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third is the failure of some of the press, television, and other media representatives in Vietnam to provide a balanced and factual picture of the war.

THE CREDIBILITY GAP has not developed overnight, nor is it the fault of any one man or any one department of the government. The atomic age, with its emphasis on secrecy and its encouragement of evasion, has tarnished the government's reputation for truthfulness. News management and news suppression—particularly in the Pentagon under Secretary Robert S. McNamara and Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs Arthur Sylvester—have served to increase public skepticism. Yet, to be fair to McNamara and Sylvester, they have served two Presidents of widely different personalities, each intensely sensitive about his public image.

This sensitivity has been one of the causes during the Kennedy administration, and even more during the Johnson administration, for the overcontrol of military operations by Washington. Detailed and continuous supervision of operations seven thousand miles away is at least theoretically possible, thanks to the development of high-speed communications facilities and the tightly centralized control of the Defense Department that has been one of McNamara's principal "achievements." In the Vietnam war and in the Dominican intervention—as in the Cuban missile crisis—Washington instructed military commanders in detail not only what to do but how to do it. In effect, even tactical command has at times been transferred to Washington.

Like everything else, public-relations policies in Vietnam are tightly controlled from Washington. "Rockets" about a story appearing in some newspaper, queries, and requests for clarification flow in a constant stream from the Pentagon to Saigon; a telephone call from a White House assistant to the Marine Corps Commandant's office is apt to cause an earthquake in Danang.

### School for Censors

Because press and public have become aware of a tendency to give the best version of the conflict, because of past evasions, distortions, or half-truths in Washington, and particularly because of vivid memories of government public relations in Saigon under Diem and General Paul D. Harkins, a considerable credibility gap remains. A number of important and able correspondents who were bruised by official antagonism and denunciation during the stormy period leading to Diem's overthrow are still reporting the war in Saigon. They have a built-in skepticism and mistrust of government announcements and government figures that date back to the days when Secretary McNamara was claiming that we were winning the war at the same time the correspondents were reporting—with far greater accuracy—that we were in deep trouble.

Much of the skepticism of these reporters today focuses on the Army. "The Army just hasn't established its credibility," one correspondent told me, "or at least not to the same extent that Barry Zorthian [Minister Counselor for Information of the U.S. embassy in Saigon] and the political-civilian side of the embassy country team have done. We believe that Zorthian is trying to tell us the truth; we are not so sure about the Army."

There is reason for this doubt. Too many of the current generation of military PIOs—especially those trained in the last decade—no longer believe that they serve two masters, the Executive branch of the government (in the form of their own superiors) and the public. This change in attitude and concept is epitomized by the current teachings of the Defense Information School, which in its new Indianapolis home trains the services' public information personnel.

The concepts of the school were well expressed by two of its current lecturers. Captain Gary Werner of the Army (as quoted in the New York *Times*) said: "Our task is to prepare the students for their primary obligation, which will be to the people they work for, the Executive branch. The public's right to know is not the controlling factor as far as the individual information officer is concerned."

Martin F. Nolan, who worked for the Boston *Globe* before he taught at the school as a draftee (and has since rejoined the newspaper) commented: "The course's main aim is to further goals of the brass and not the public's right to know. The spirit of public relations prevails while democratic ideals get lip service."

The Army's PIOs are dealing with more security information than the civilians are and they can't be as free as the civilian PIOs. But I am convinced, along with many other correspondents, that the Army is now making an honest attempt to depict the war accurately—particularly as judged by the controversial "body count" yardstick.

The Vietnam war is the only war in which body count has become a major yardstick of victory or defeat. It should never have assumed such significance. Body count became important for two reasons—first, because it was emphasized by the frequently apocryphal Vietnamese accounts of "victories" in the Diem days; second, because McNamara's computer-minded assistants seized upon these statistics as one of the important measurements of success.

But in a guerrilla war, the seizure


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of the enemy's ammunition and rice supplies is perhaps more important than the number of guerrillas killed. Second, body count, especially in the jungles against an enemy who carries away his dead, can never be completely accurate. And third, if measured against our own casualties, which are given not in numbers but in terms of "light," "moderate," or "heavy," with their widely different interpretations, body count carries no comparable significance. All things considered, it would be much better if Vietcong casualties were described as our own are.

### The Briefing Gap

The second factor that has hampered the transmission of the fullest and frankest possible picture of the war is in considerable measure the fault of the Army and its public-relations apparatus in Saigon. There, each afternoon, in a briefing for correspondents, the Army attempts to round up and present a balanced picture of the operations of the preceding twenty-four hours. This attempt is complicated and sometimes compromised by the fact that the South Vietnamese government now provides its own separate briefing, which is handicapped by language difficulties, a mental gulf, and inadequate or distorted information.

Until recently the U.S. briefings also left much to be desired. Information was inadequate, late, or inaccurate. Correspondents who had returned from a battle area found they often knew more about what was actually happening than the briefing officer. He, in turn, was often miscast for his role—undoubtedly an excellent combat officer, but unable to reply effectively to some of the loaded questions of the press. Without meaning to, he could give the impression of withholding information. Last summer and fall the situation between the press and the Saigon PIOs was often near the boiling point. Correspondents complained that some of the PIOs were misleading, inefficient, and even dishonest; the PIOs complained that some of the journalists were arrogant, untrustworthy, and sensational.

Fortunately, the Army, with the help of Barry Zorthian and other embassy officials, has attempted to remedy some of its own shortcomings. Public-relations communications systems from Saigon to the various combat units and corps areas are being improved and gradually the briefing information will be more up to date, although the gap between the front lines and headquarters can never be completely closed. A new briefing officer with more of the extrovert qualities the job demands is now on the stage in the little press auditorium. This month or next, Rodger R. Bankson, an Army colonel who has been one of Sylvester's assistants, will become the military PIO in Saigon. The job will be elevated to one-star rank to symbolize its importance and to give Bankson more prestige and power.

THE PRESS, too, appears to be cleaning house in Saigon. In the opinion of both the Army and many of the more mature correspondents in Saigon, it is high time. For there is no doubt that the third problem that has handicapped the presentation of an honest and comprehensive picture of the war is the fault of the media themselves.

The Vietnamese war is probably the most complex and difficult war to interpret and present that the American press has ever covered. Yet there are very few editors who are willing or able to allocate the space or the time required for real in-depth reporting. Too often the day-by-day reporting is brief, episodic, and partial. For this, the editors and publishers and television producers, not the correspondents in Saigon, deserve the blame.

But the Army PIOs and many of the correspondents themselves have rightly complained of distorted, biased, and sensational reporting by a few of the younger members of the press and TV corps based in Vietnam. The Army and some correspondents in Saigon say that the press associations and some of the broadcasting companies have been the worst offenders; the same competition for "exclusives" and "beats" and for headlines that marred some of the Associated Press and United Press coverage during the Second World War has been a factor in Vietnam. Moreover, some of the correspondents in Saigon simply are not capable of adequately reporting military operations. And some of the TV reporters have delivered generalized editorial judgments that they have neither the competence nor the knowledge to sustain.

During the Ia Drang Valley and Chuprong Mountain fighting of the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) last fall, some of the accounts that appeared in the American press were greatly distorted. Indeed, General Westmoreland felt called upon to deny headlines or accounts that implied that the 1st Cavalry had been defeated or had been forced to abandon the battlefield. Squad and platoon actions, he asserted, had been taken out of the context of the entire battle.

Fortunately for the reputation of the press and the good of the country, the quality of reporting in Vietnam has improved. Mature and responsible correspondents head all the major bureaus of press associations, broadcasting companies, and major newspapers, and the worst offenders have departed.

A good thing, too, for the Vietnamese war is at a crisis, and what we do, how we do it, and how we report the situation will color the history of all our tomorrows. For unless the American public feels the war is worth winning and must be won, we face ultimate defeat no matter how many military victories we win.



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# Keeping Alive in Space: A report from General Dynamics

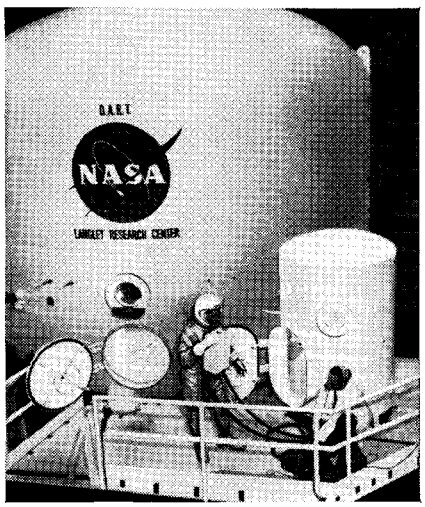
**QUESTION:** An astronaut in space needs 11 pounds of water and two pounds of oxygen a day to live. If you seal him into a spaceship, how long could just 11 pounds of water and two pounds of oxygen last him?

**ANSWER:** Forever, if necessary.

The reason, of course, is that air and water can be regenerated indefinitely, providing that a total man-machine system is properly organized.

Such a system is the heart of an experimental life-support facility which General Dynamics has recently built for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. It is designed to take care of the basic physiological requirements of four men in a zero-gravity environment for a full year, with minimal resupply once every three months.

*Regeneration is a basic fact of nature*—nothing is ever really lost. The job is done by the total biosphere of the earth, its billions of cubic miles of atmosphere, its millions of miles of earth and sea, its




This sealable structure contains the prototype of a life-support system which includes facilities to maintain four men in space for a year.

thousands of species of animals, plants, insects and bacteria.

Compressing even part of that system to meet the requirements of men in space is a capability that has developed only recently.

## The problem—weight:

General Dynamics has been involved in the requirements of space travel for almost a generation through its development of the Atlas and Centaur space vehicles. We've been working even longer with the problem of sealed environments in the submarines we've been building since 1900.

But the submarine problem is somewhat different. Drinking water and oxygen can be produced directly from the surrounding water—which, because of its buoyancy, also makes weight a relatively minor problem.

In space, weight, including supplies, comes at an incredibly high premium.

Thirteen pounds of water and oxygen per man per day for four men for 365 days adds up to almost ten tons of water and oxygen.

One manned space platform now in development will weigh approximately 25,000 pounds. Without regeneration another 20,000 pounds of just water and air would be needed.

## New water from old:

To avoid carrying such excess weight, the system General Dynamics put together for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration ties water, air and waste removal requirements into one integrated system.

Exhaled carbon dioxide, humidity, air contaminants, used washing water and urine are filtered, absorbed, heated, cooled, catalyzed and electrolyzed in a constantly operating process to create pure water and pure oxygen for reuse.

For water recovery in our system, we chose an evaporative method as the most efficient.

Excess vapor from the cabin air, used wash water and urine are collected in holding tanks and are drawn into wicks by capillary action. At the other end of the wick, water is evaporated into a stream of warmed air. The contaminants are left behind in the replaceable wicks. Condensed vapor moves through a series of filters finally to return to a central reservoir as pure water.

## Regenerating air:

Air regeneration presents a more complicated problem.

Normal air is a mixture of oxygen, nitrogen, carbon dioxide, water vapor, trace gases and contaminants. Exhaled air contains less oxygen and is enriched with carbon dioxide. On earth the constant interchange between animals, atmosphere and plants consumes the carbon dioxide and the contaminants and supplies fresh oxygen.

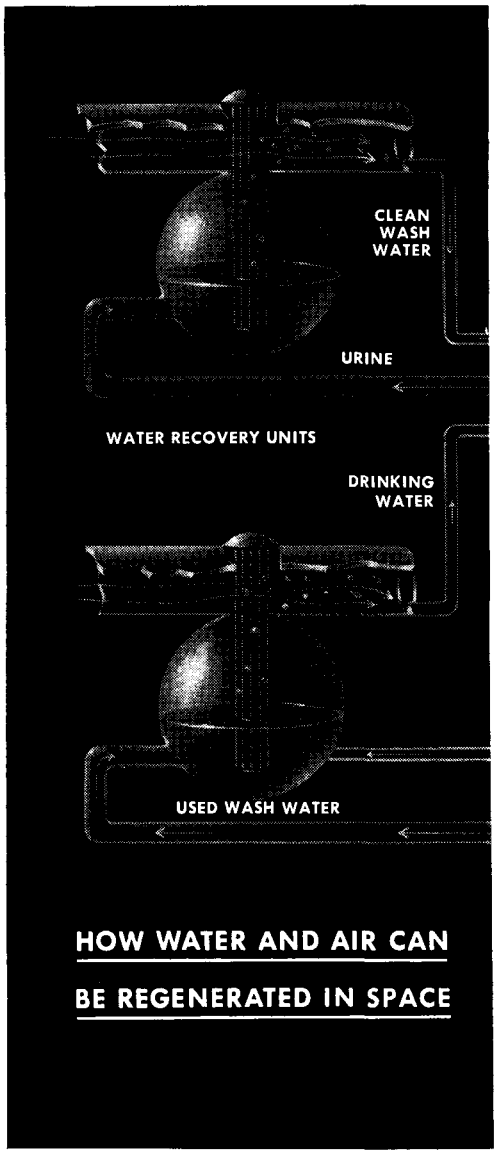
In a sealed ship the oxygen would be rapidly used up and the carbon dioxide built to a poisonous concentration.

Moreover, new contaminants are constantly being formed. At the end of some Project Mercury flights, the cabin air filter contained dozens of contaminants not present at takeoff. Some, such as ammonia, can come from ordinary chemical reactions to an astronaut's own perspiration.

Machinery now has to do the job otherwise done by nature.

## How it works:

In our "spaceship," cabin air—the original mixture, plus exhaled breath, excess moisture from cooling systems and new contaminants—is continually circulated through a bank of equipment. A *dehumidifier* removes excess moisture. A

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*charcoal filter* holds back some contaminants. A *catalytic burner* converts others. And a *separator* screens out the carbon dioxide. But the removal isn't final.

The water wrung out by the dehumidifier, for instance, is added to the central tanks for reuse. The carbon dioxide is moved to another chamber where it is mixed with hydrogen at a high temperature in the presence of a catalyst. That reaction creates water and pure carbon.

Techniques have not yet been developed to use the carbon, so it is simply blown into a storage area. But the water, collected through a porous plate, is transferred to an electrolytic cell where an electric current breaks it into hydrogen and oxygen.

The hydrogen is pumped back to fuel the previous reaction in which the water was formed. The oxygen returns to the cabin air to be breathed again.

A separate problem is presented by solid wastes. In a biological food system utilizing algae or bacteria, these wastes might fuel the growth process, but now there is no use for them. International agreements forbid the contamination of space, so they cannot be jettisoned.

Solid wastes, therefore, are dehydrated into a powdery dry residue and stored. In operating spaceships, this may serve as additional shielding against radiation or meteorites.

## The work ahead:

The entire life-support system is the most advanced yet developed and does include, of course, much more than the air and water regeneration loop.

Other facets are an electricity-generating system, mechanisms to circulate gases and liquids, monitoring and control instrumentation, food preparation, storage and other facilities.

Efficient regeneration of food is not yet feasible. So dehydrated food will be carried by the spaceship and resupplied.

All in all, we think the prototype is close to what will be needed in space. But as experimental equipment it's still somewhat heavy—over two tons altogether. We expect the long period of ground testing to be conducted by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to provide further guidelines for the design of much more compact and lighter equipment.

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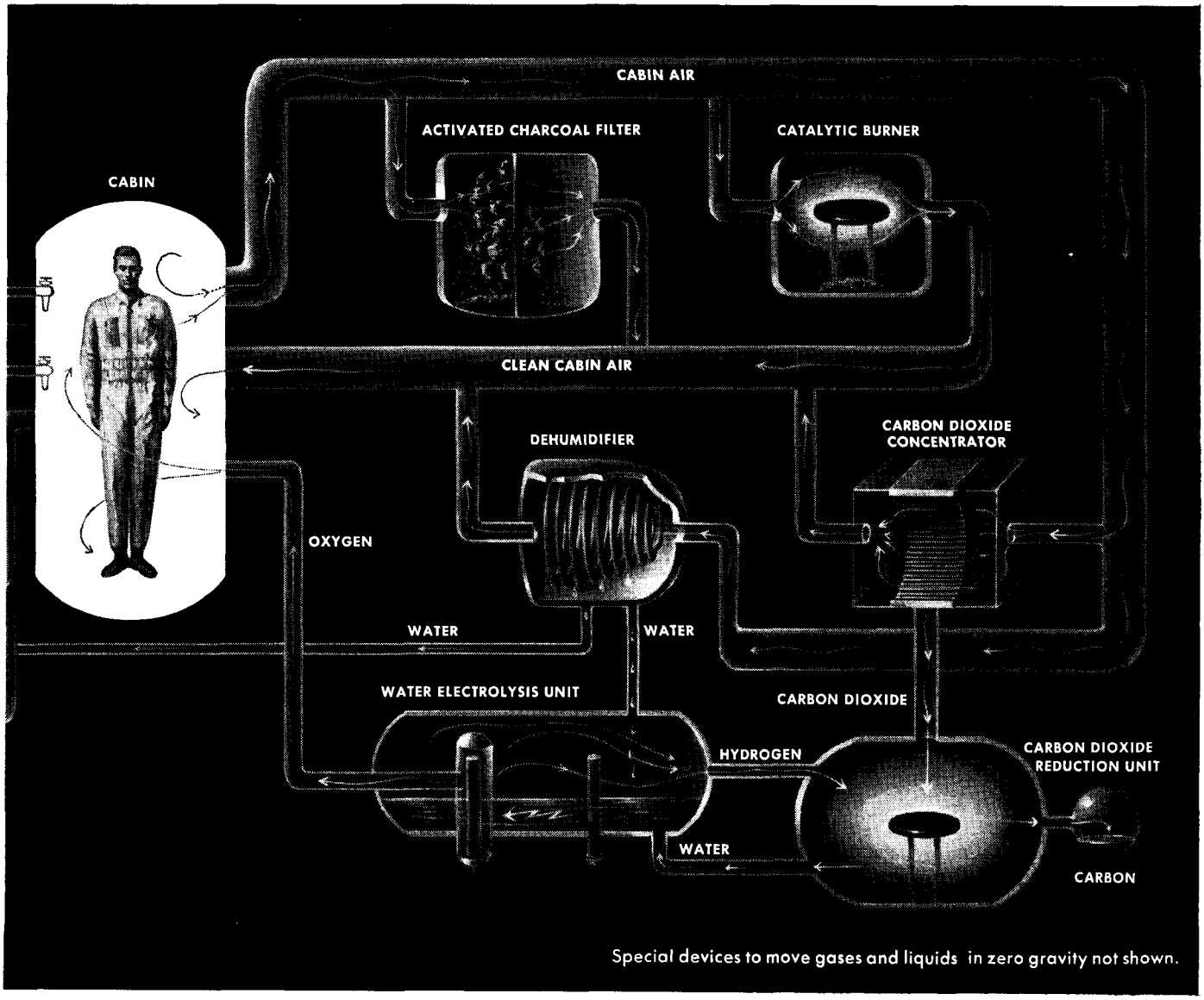
*General Dynamics* is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce for defense and industry: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communication systems; and machinery, minerals and gases.

**GENERAL DYNAMICS**




Special devices to move gases and liquids in zero gravity not shown.

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# The Trial of Two Soviet Writers

## *A Special Report on the Failure of a Dogma*

GEORGE BAILEY

THE ARREST last September of the Soviet writers Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuri Daniel (on the subsequent revelatory charges that they were engaged in anti-Soviet propaganda under the pseudonyms Abram Tertz and Nikolai Arzhak) has brought the dilemma of Soviet literature to a head. The announcement of the arrests came shortly before the award of the Nobel Prize to Mikhail Sholokhov, the first "Soviet writer" to receive the award, and there followed a small storm of protest from western writers who turned both to Sholokhov himself and to the Soviet Writers' Union with telegraphed appeals on behalf of Sinyavsky and Daniel. The immediate answer to the appeals has been in the form of a furious article in the January 12 issue of *Izvestia,* accusing Sinyavsky and Daniel of treason and railing against leniency in dealing with them. The charge of treason seems to establish a link between Sinyavsky and Daniel and the late Colonel Oleg Penkovskiy: the colonel is said to have been engaged in espionage; the writings of the dissident authors have been described by Soviet authorities as "ideological espionage."

There is logic in the use of this term—Soviet logic. In the Soviet Union's totally ideological society, the writer is a key figure, the "engineer of the human soul" as Stalin called him, the exemplary disciple of *partiinost* or "party spirit," which is the demiurge that creates or abolishes facts, that confers existence and significance on men or events or else annuls them; for the writer is the interpreter of history in the making or remaking—past, present, and future.

To bind the writer to the party cause, the theory of Socialist realism was propounded at the first congress of the Soviet Writers' Union in 1934 and included in its statutes: "Socialist realism, which constitutes the basic method of Soviet artistic literature and literary criticism, demands from the artist a truthful, historico-concrete representation of reality in its revolutionary development." Karl Radek, in his rejection of the realism practiced by James Joyce in *Ulysses* (Joyce was too impartial: "We should select . . . all phenomena which show how the system of capitalism is being smashed, how socialism is growing . . ."), made it clear at the congress that Socialist realism was the groundwork for a dogma that would reduce the function of literature to the illustration and eulogy of party decisions.

To secure the primacy of "party spirit" in Soviet letters, a permanent ideological emergency was proclaimed in the mid-twenties and has been periodically reproclaimed since then. A state of acute revolutionary urgency was simulated and made the statutory foundation of Soviet society. For this reason, any information reflecting Soviet policy or from which Soviet policy is even vaguely deducible became and remains the object of obsessive secrecy. This applies above all to statistics



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and, by extension, to any form of inquiry potentially contributory to the compilation of data. The end result of this combination of developments is the complicated, grotesque, and scarcely sufferable situation concealed under the cliché "closed society."

A specific result has been the repression of Soviet journalism and much of Soviet creative writing to the level of advertising. Most Soviet journalists and many creative writers are in effect admen, hucksters whose products are blurbs designed to popularize the party-state with the public. The great bulk of actual reportage of the Soviet system by Soviet writers is in the field of belles-lettres and particularly in poetry, since the author must mask his findings in literary forms, parables, allegories, or systems of metaphor. If he wishes to report the Soviet scene straight, he is bound to go outside the system. Thus by definition he commits an anti-Soviet act, and the least he may expect is to be pilloried by some loyal party critic for having produced "a vicious caricature of our reality."

Such efforts inevitably result in a literature of subversion: the system itself makes it so. A good many of the most distinguished Soviet writers have smuggled out their works—unprinted and unprintable in the Soviet Union, where copies are passed discreetly among friends.

### 'Ten Hysterical Maidens . . .'

In his activity as a literary critic writing in the monthly journal *New World*, Sinyavsky came to the special notice of Soviet readers in early 1960 when he and his sometime co-author, Menshutin by name, drew heavy fire from no less than six party hack writers because of their article entitled "Remarks on the Poetry of the Young." In it the two critics had examined the published verses of a young woodcutter, one Kuznyetsov, and concluded that the author was a woodcutter and not a poet. The burden of the six rebuttals was that Kuznyetsov might perhaps not be a first-class poet (although this was doubtful) but he was a first-class woodcutter and that was what really counted. The six hacks shared the impression that the disparagement of Kuznyetsov's ability as a poet reflected on his skill and dignity as a woodcutter. In their reply, the two critics were reduced to putting a rhetorical question that is well over forty years old: Is it possible for a good worker to write bad verses? This argument, they added, was reminiscent of the polemics of the early twenties during the "cult of the proletariat," according to which the workers—if given an opportunity and the necessary orders and quotas—would surely be able to turn out masterpieces worthy of Homer, Shakespeare, and Pushkin, at least on a percentage basis. (The "Proletcult" method of literary production was described by Lenin as one in which "ten hysterical maidens keep blowing at one budding worker-author until they have extinguished every spark of talent in him.")

The cult of the proletariat was replaced subsequently but not entirely by the cult of personality. The purpose of the policy of de-Stalinization was to validate the party's contention that the cult of personality was chiefly if not entirely the fault of Stalin. The immediate aim

of the Soviet literary underground in general and of Sinyavsky's and Daniel's (as Tertz and Arzhak) in particular is to demonstrate that the cult is inherent in the system, that instead of the cult of personality having created the system of Stalinism, the system created the Stalinist cult of personality.

In Sinyavsky's first clandestine work, a critical analysis entitled "What Is Socialist Realism?" that served as a sort of floor plan for his and Daniel's subsequent clandestine production, Sinyavsky showed that at the basis of the formula for Socialist realism is the concept of the goal, of the all-embracing ideal, in the direction of which, unerringly and "revolutionarily," reality is developing. To spotlight the movement toward the goal and to promote the approach to the goal by remaking the consciousness of the reader and orienting him toward the goal—this is the function of Socialist realism. "The goal," writes Sinyavsky, "is Communism. . . . The poet does not simply write verses, but helps the construction of Communism with his verses. This is just as natural as it is for the sculptor, the musician, the agronomist, the engineer, the manual laborer, the militiaman, the lawyer and others to make the same contribution at his side."

The lumping together of the whole range of honorable human activities under the heading of "contributions to Communism" is in large part responsible for the continual side-door entry of the cult of the proletariat. Because of the imperative need to transmute the value of labor experience into poetic values, the function of the poet must be to certify the activities of all other worker-contributors to Communism. This has led a number of workers—both skilled and unskilled—to mistake job description for literary production, avowedly in the belief that if the worker eulogizes his work in verse he is of necessity a poet. The result has been insuperable confusion.

### Confusion and Contradiction

Unfortunately, the Soviet writer's nearest available model is the hero in nineteenth-century Russian literature, the unsocial "superflous man," the brilliant but inwardly sick hero such as Pushkin's Eugene Onegin, and Chekhov's gallery of bumbling characters in search of themselves who never knew what they wanted until it was too late and in no case could get it. They were all decadents, dreamers, dandies, or demons —"lamentable examples no good to anyone," least of all to themselves —the diametric opposite of Communism's "positive hero," who has no doubt about what he wants, is never slowed down by the slightest indecision, who can solve any problem quickly and easily, who has none but the most negligible vices. He is "an iron man in a leather


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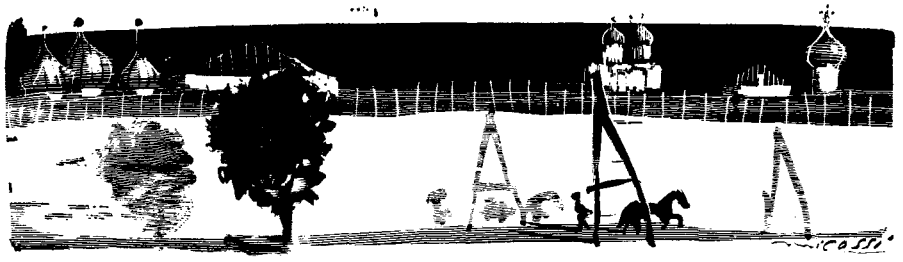
coat" like Commissar Davidov in Sholokhov's novel *Virgin Soil Upturned,* which would have been more fittingly entitled "The Importance of Being Sternest."

The trouble, says Sinyavsky, is that Soviet writers know all there is to be known about the "superfluous man" and the great masters who created him: "We all want to become famous and write like Chekhov. From this duality monsters were born. It is impossible to create a 'positive hero' and equip him with human psychology. In trying to do both we have succeeded in doing neither." The Communist writers, while concentrating on the conscious element in human behavior, neglected or at least failed to devise a method to remake or control the subconscious. Admittedly, two Soviet writers succeeded. The poet Mayakovsky, who committed suicide in 1930, made a clean break with the past and worked straight to revolutionary purpose, painting figures as big and as simple as billboards. Sholokhov, in *Quiet Flows the Don,* produced a revolutionary period piece at once acceptable to the party and widely acclaimed.



But Mayakovsky and Sholokhov remained exceptions. The real need of Socialist realism is for a religious art "of pure invention and fantasy within agreed forms." At the bottom of it all, "Socialist realism is a contradiction in terms," for it tries to depict not what is but what should be. According to Sinyavsky's devastating analysis, Socialist realism has corrupted the very concept of reality in Soviet society. Declaring representation of reality to be wholly subject to activist, "goal-oriented" interpretation created an enormous administrative and disciplinary problem and accordingly magnified the need for bureaucratic manipulation at every level of intellectual pursuit.

For this reason Stalin dabbled in linguistic theory and Khrushchev delivered a fifteen-thousand-word address to the assembled artists and writers of the Soviet Union, laying down guidelines for each department ("in music we like a simple melody . . ."). In the event the theory became hopelessly confused with the principle it was designed to apply. The principle of "party spirit"—the complete identification of the individual with the collective—had to be invoked at every turn in applying the theory. The result was an administrative invasion of privacy on a scale and with an intensity unprecedented in history, and in the wake of the invasion, a confusion of definitions and standards that has redoubled the need for interpretation. The wheel comes full circle viciously.

The only way out, concludes Sinyavsky, is "to drop the concern for realism and concentrate on presenting the sublime unreality of our epoch." This was the task Sinyavsky and Daniel set themselves in their clandestine literary production, where they take recourse to the fantastic, the ribald, and the absurd in order to expose the phantasmagoria of Soviet life. In Sinyavsky's *The Trial Begins,* the system is allegorized in the character of an impotent adulterer. Daniel's "This Is Moscow Speaking" describes the consequences of the Soviet government's declaring "a day of open and legalized murder" after the fashion of the Soviet "Day of the Teacher," "Day of the Miner," etc.

"In Sinyavsky-Tertz's libelous story *Lyubimov,*" said *Izvestia* for January 13, "the author's purpose is no more and no less than to show that the very idea of Communist reconstruction of society is an unattainable illusion. . . . its conceptual political core is completely clear: it is an unbridled mockery of the laws of history, of those who gave their lives in battle for our great goals; it is mockery of the country and people. Here the insolence of the author attains truly Homeric proportions . . . to what heights of Philistine sadism does he not rise, showing the ruination of the city of Lyubimov, in which a certain Tikhomirov contrives to achieve general happiness by practicing mass hypnotism." (The hypnotist has the citizenry believing that mineral water is vodka, that the river flows with champagne, and that red peppers are Polish sausages.) "With what gusto does Sinyavsky describe the fiasco that follows the Communist experiment and the return of the citizens of Lyubimov to the old order of life."

Understandably, *Izvestia* does not mention Daniel's most recent work, "Redemption," This short story describes the plight of a man falsely accused of denouncing a friend to the police. In the nature of things he cannot prove his innocence and is ostracized. Even his fiancée leaves —though she does not believe in his guilt, she cannot stand the ordeal of his ostracism. In the end the hero comes to the conclusion that he bears responsibility (along with all Soviet citizens) for his denunciation because he has tolerated a system that turns on denunciation.

For at least five years Sinyavsky and Daniel availed themselves of a pipeline running through Warsaw to the Paris offices of the Polish émigré editors of the magazine *Kultura.* Only by use of pseudonyms could they have managed to produce a corpus of clandestine work.

It is against this background that the case of Sinyavsky and Daniel assumes its true significance. A literary underground of one sort or another has always existed in the Soviet Union. Poems, short stories, and even novels have been copied by hand and on typewriters and passed along until the paper disintegrated. As early as 1959, underground groups began printing "magazines" of two, three, and four pages on hand presses and makeshift duplicating machines. They have steadily increased in variety, bulk, and circulation. Their titles are significant: *Boomerang* (1959-60), *Phoenix* (1961), *Lantern* (1963), *Workshop, Leningrad* (1964), *Sphinx, Avant-Garde, South Smog, Ural Smog, Smog Youth, Neck, Ko-*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*lokol* (1965). The *Kolokol* group (*Kolokol*, or *Bell*, was the title of Theodore Herzen's famous Russian-language émigré newspaper), recently discovered and arrested, was made up of graduate chemistry students at the University of Leningrad. In the past these publications have rarely survived two issues. A good many of the editors and contributors have been arrested and have drawn long prison sentences—especially those responsible for earlier publications—and the small groups have continually had to change the locale of their operations and begin anew.

In retaliation the students and writers concerned formed an illegal co-ordinating organization under the name "The Avant-garde of Russian Art." When it publicized itself by sponsoring a number of clandestine publications in 1965, the Moscow literary newspaper *Literaturnaya Gazeta* ridiculed the organization, dubbing it "The Most Powerful Society of Geniuses—Smog." The members of the underground accepted the title with delight and have used it on various of their publications.

Far more important than the spread of clandestine printing, however, is the mass sale of tape recorders and the great popularity of bootleg recording of poems, songs, and stories. The most popular genre of underground literature, that dealing with Soviet concentration camps, gained currency in this way. In this way, too, the Georgian-Armenian poet Bulat Akudzhava, the chief exponent of concentration-camp songs, has become the most popular balladeer in the Soviet Union. Yet Akudzhava has never made a record (there is as yet no underground record factory) and has never sung on the radio (although he is allowed to make public appearances). However, at least one record of Akudzhava's songs has been cut and placed on sale in the West from smuggled tape recordings.

The electronic aspect of technical revolution, specifically broadcasts beamed to the Soviet Union by the Voice of America, the BBC, and other western stations, broke the Soviets' mass-comunications monopoly from outside, while the mass consumer revolution that put tape recorders on the Soviet market at reasonable prices broke the government's "literary monopoly" from the inside. As a result, for the first time in Soviet history there is a public opinion at least partly free from direct administrative control. To accommodate this development in the hope of containing it, the authorities have made procedural and policy adjustments in literature (including journalism) and the arts. It was this defensive tactic that made Yevgeny Yevtushenko the swearing parrot of the Soviet régime. Similarly, *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, in 1,545 lines of print, published a rejection of *Doctor Zhivago* which had been sent to Boris Pasternak by the magazine *New World* and which contained several passages from the novel selected to

document its revisionist and anti-Soviet character. The issue was sold out within three hours. The publication of the *Zhivago* excerpts was a provocation, but one that was presented and accepted as a necessary evil, making it possible for officials to say that parts of the novel had been published and justice done.

### Who Gets Hurt?

The fact that the excerpts selected for condemnation were precisely those which the public was most interested in reading was perhaps simply the purpose of the exercise. In any case, *New World* has come to be regarded as the leader of the liberal attack against the bastion of Socialist realism. The double edge of accommodative containment is serviceable to both the opposition and the régime. This is its value: it remains to be seen who is harming whom.

The first issue of *Sphinx* listed the names of all twenty-five contributors on its masthead, including two well-known writers in good standing, and then added this statement in a message from the editors: "The editors ask forgiveness for not having informed the authors that their works would be included in this journal. It is possible, friends, that this will have unpleasant consequences for you. But we hope that they will not be so tragic as to cause you to cease being artists responsible to all for every shade of thought and expression, even at the forfeiture of life." Apart from being an exhortation to the writers concerned to accept the consequences of their calling—and ostensibly leaving them very little choice—this statement actually absolves the writers named from complicity in the production of the journal. In other words, writing works unacceptable to the régime is one thing, publishing them quite another.

The existence of a vast literature of ideological rejects—manuscripts returned by the censor—is attested by the editors of *Sphinx* in justifying the need for "so-called underground journals." The obsession with maximum publicity for the literary underground has been dramatized by Valeriy Tarsis. The author of *Ward 7* has used his real name wherever possible, and the authorities have gone so far as to let him have his royalties from the West sent to the Bank of Moscow. According to him, underground literature, regardless of the risk, must go above ground. "Literature in being" carries with it the right to publication: "It is impossible to write for the desk drawer." His is a publicity campaign at the outer boundaries of Soviet legality, designed to breach these boundaries.

Tarsis's maneuver has been berated by the Soviet press as evidence of paranoia and madness; on the other hand the very fact that it is played in the open has exposed it to the suspicion among anti-Communists that the government knows



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what it is doing. Tarsis and those who follow his example may be providing the Soviet government with evidence of the writer's freedom of expression. Before he embarked upon his heralded trip to England, Tarsis made a violent attack on Sinyavsky and Daniel, and once in England retracted his attack. These two men never wavered: they count on the pressure of the outside world to force the government's acknowledgment of the new literature. They have stuck to strictly conspiratorial procedures. Their ultimately inevitable detection and arraignment by Soviet authorities was clearly an integral part of their intention to create an international scandal.

IT IS AGAINST this situation that the impact and consequences of the trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel should be gauged. This accounts, too, for the hysterical reaction in *Izvestia*: "In what bottomless swamp of abominations must a so-called man of letters immerse himself to defile with his ruffian pen a name that is holy to us [Lenin]? . . . It is impossible to reproduce here the relevant quotes . . . it is merely vicious scribbling, infuriating and filthy. These sacrilegious lines alone suffice for the diagnosis: the authors have placed themselves outside Soviet society. . . . With such minions there can be no leniency. . . . They are emigrants of a special kind: internal emigrants. They are enclosed within their own rotten little world."

To judge from this, Sinyavsky and Daniel have succeeded in invoking the spirit of Stalin, which pervades the publicity leading to their arrest and to their trial. As Sinyavsky foresaw, *The Trial Begins*. It is the Soviet system that is on trial.

Sinyavsky and Daniel have inflicted a perhaps decisive blow against the literary theory known as Socialist realism. The Soviet system stands or falls with Socialist realism. This knowledge that Soviet society is at stake has made a number of otherwise indignant opponents of Soviet institutions plead for caution and tolerance. "From the way things are going," said Jerzy Giedroyc, the publisher and contact man for Sinyavsky and Daniel, "what I fear more than anything else in the Soviet Union is chaos—absolute chaos."

# The Struggle for Power In Indonesia

**DONALD KIRK**

HONG KONG

VETERAN OBSERVERS both in Djakarta and in Singapore, the main foreign listening post for events in Indonesia, have been struck in recent weeks by the speed with which the nation's economy and political life have deteriorated. While diplomats are hardened against predicting the outright "collapse" of Indonesia's basically agrarian economy, they fear the country may now be in the process of a breakdown that could lead to a repetition of last fall's savagery, in which as many as 150,000 may have been killed. The sides have already formed—a "Sukarno Front," possibly allied with loyalist military units, against the bulk of the armed forces, allied in turn with powerful student organizations and supported by other anti-Communist religious and political groupings.

The nation's most powerful student organization, the Action Command of Indonesian Students, has continued to make statements and stage demonstrations in complete defiance of the President's orders and his accusations that they are supported by the so-called "Necolim" —neo-colonialist, colonialist, and imperialist—powers. Its leaders profess their faith in the "Great Leader of the Revolution" and listen respectfully to his admonitions at palace meetings, but it is clear they are looking forward to the development of a new leadership capable of dealing with Indonesia's vast internal problems. President Sukarno himself has all but admitted his utter helplessness.

"I am Sukarno, I am the great leader, I am the supreme commander," he proclaims, and then, almost in the same breath, confesses that he leaves economic affairs to his assistants. And he wildly offers to appoint "anyone as Economic Affairs Minister who wants the job." There is just one catch: "If he doesn't improve the economy within three months, I will put him in jail for five years." So far there have been no volunteers.

IT WAS SIGNIFICANT, however, that President Sukarno's fatuous offer led to a series of student-sponsored taunts unprecedented in his long reign. "Does three months equal twenty years?" was one of the more popular slogans. Or: "Subandrio has already had three months," presumably a reference to the period in which Dr. Subandrio, the Foreign Minister who forged the Peking-Djakarta axis, had been allowed to remain in office since the coup.

The most insulting remarks of all, however, were signs scribbled on walls near the President's palace in Bogor, thirty miles south of Djakarta, proclaiming his fourth wife a prostitute. In a more practical



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vein, banners and pamphlets declared, "Father, We Are Hungry," and "Monuments, No—Industry, Yes," a gibe at the President's program of building ostentatious monuments while letting industry stagnate.

Still a crafty politician and a compelling speaker, the President has used all the tools at his command to combat the mounting pressure against both him and his cabinet. His most notable gambit has been to ask Dr. Subandrio to announce the formation of a "Sukarno Front" with branches throughout Indonesia. Subandrio paid dearly for the gesture. Swarms of students rioted outside the Department of Foreign Affairs, calling him "Peking's lackey" and demanding his resignation. Learning that he was at his office several blocks away, the students marched there and refused to leave until he came outside and spoke. A pale and nervous Subandrio eventually appeared, long enough to make a plea for "unity" and to advocate "loyalty for the Great Leader of our Revolution." Then he retreated to his office amid a chorus of boos and catcalls.

Sukarno desperately wants a powerful nationwide organization to ensure his security in office. Now that the armed forces have thoroughly crushed the Partai Kommunis Indonesia (PKI), there is no faction that he can balance against the military establishment. The President has so far resisted demands that he formally outlaw the PKI, already banned by military leaders in most provinces, because he still hopes that the remnants of the party and its sympathizers will support him against any military attempt to seize power. The student unrest has provided him with a good reason, as well as an excuse, to develop the Front as a substitute for the PKI.

### Front Against Front

The Sukarno Front, the President has said, "should embrace all levels of society and the Indonesian armed forces" and would consist of "all the progressive and revolutionary elements in the country." Sukarno's speech defending the Front climaxed several days of furious pro-Sukarno activity in which sympathetic students hoisted thousands of banners and posters proclaiming "Long Live Sukarno" and "Crush the Necolim Plot."

Already, however, Sukarno's grand design has encountered opposition from two quarters. First, Dr. Chaerul Saleh, the Third Deputy Premier, announced plans for an "Action Command in Support of President Sukarno" under the aegis of the National Front, the over-all political organization with which all political parties are formally affiliated. Dr. Saleh, who is alternate chairman of the National Front, said his group would "marshal forces among people supporting and loyal to the President." While Dr. Saleh's organization could conceivably blend with the Sukarno Front, observers believe that Saleh's purpose is to compete with Dr. Subandrio for leadership of elements loyal to the President.

As the official most directly responsible for raising the prices of gasoline, kerosene, transportation, and other key commodities, Dr. Saleh, like Subandrio, has been sharply criticized in the past few weeks. But Saleh, unlike Subandrio, does not have a record of favoring the PKI before the coup or of leading the country into its ill-fated alliance with Peking. Indeed, he fell somewhat out of favor in the past year or two for his alleged association with the Body for Promoting Sukarnoism, an organization established mainly by journalists to counter the PKI and since banned by Sukarno. Although both are members of the cabinet presidium, Subandrio and Saleh privately dislike each other intensely. While Sukarno might conceivably smooth over their differences, it appears increasingly unlikely that he will be able to exercise the same sway over the armed forces and their student allies.

Shortly after the President's speech extolling the Sukarno Front, Major General Ibrahim Adjie, the powerful West Java military commander, had the temerity to declare that he would not allow the Front to function in his territory. General Adjie, the first provincial military leader to ban the PKI after the coup, blandly explained that his administration already constituted a Sukarno Front and that any other "front organization" would merely lead to factionalism. Adjie's statement constituted perhaps the most outright rebuff from the army which Sukarno has had in the past few months. To make matters worse, the statement was endorsed by Army Commander Lieutenant General Suharto and the Action Command of Indonesian Students.

THE COLLABORATION between the Action Command and the armed forces has been the key to the students' success. They could not possibly have fought so vigorously without powerful military backing, especially since demonstrations were formally banned and presumably all the President had to do was order his security police to arrest the leaders. The President dared not risk such drastic action, however, and the Action Command condemned with impunity as "placard heroes" the pro-Sukarno students who plastered the city with posters in his support. And during one of Sukarno's recent speeches, members of the Action Command taunted as "opportunists" students from a pro-Sukarno organization called the Marhaenist Front. The members of the Marhaenist Front, which takes its name from Sukarno's socialist doctrine of Marhaenism, shouted back, "Kept students!" A fight broke out in which several people were injured.

The Action Command has fought Sukarno's charge of Necolim collusion by supporting Sukarno's policy of confrontation against Malaysia and by proclaiming their undying opposition to neo-colonialism and imperialism. Lest anyone think they are still secretly pro-American, Action Command students have made a habit of shouting "Yankee Go Home!" whenever they pass the American embassy en route to demonstrations. They even took up the chant when I approached several demonstrators with questions. They refuse to talk to foreign newsmen in public and have tried on several occasions to grab their cameras.

The Action Command leaders are more receptive to questions. Cosmas Bartubara, its president, told me he was "not happy" with Sukarno's failure to outlaw the PKI and dismiss some of his cabinet ministers. Bartubara, the twenty-seven-year-old son of a North Sumatran farmer, laughed derisively when asked what he thought of the President's charge that the Necolim



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powers (i.e., the United States and Great Britain) were supporting the demonstrations.

### The Reluctant General

Indonesia's military leaders, particularly General Abdul Haris Nasution, the Defense Minister, show an even greater unwillingness than the students to talk to newsmen. Nasution himself has been embarrassed by reports in the western press that he has usurped the President's power and did not regret Sukarno's order expelling American correspondents. Indeed, the praise in the West was so damning that Nasution has said he does not want to become Vice President, a post unfilled since the last incumbent, Mohammed Hatta, disputed Sukarno's concept of "guided democracy" ten years ago.

Nasution, originally proposed for Indonesia's second highest post by the West Java legislature, explained that his candidacy would only "give an opportunity to counter-revolutionary groups to exploit the situation and undermine the leadership of the great leader of the revolution." Western observers tend to believe that Nasution could install himself as President any time he wished but prefers to let Sukarno take the blame for the country's economic plight. There are, however, several factors weighing against this theory.

Popular though he may be, the general does not command the total loyalty of the armed forces. The air force is believed to be still loyal to Sukarno, along with the two thousand men in the Tjakrabirawa Regiment, his palace guard, and perhaps a division or so of the army. There is also the possibility that a large number of enlisted men in all the services would support the President in a showdown whether their officers liked it or not.

Nasution has never been known as a strong man. Some observers, noting that he has avoided pressure to side with the President's opponents in the past, question whether he really wants the top job—or, if he wants it, whether he wants to fight for it. At the same time, military commanders already wield political control over large parts of the country outside Jakarta, including West Java and parts of Sumatra, Kalimantan (Borneo), and Sulawesi (Celebes). Even if Nasution is unwilling or unable to take over, he has the power to frustrate any important moves that Sukarno may make.

After Nasution, the most likely successor to Sukarno appears to be Sri Hamengku Buwono, the Sultan of Jogjakarta, a popular figure who led Indonesia's struggle for independence while Sukarno was in jail in the late 1940's. Both Nasution and the sultan are deputy supreme

commanders of the Supreme Operations Command, which is co-ordinating the anti-Communist drive—Nasution for military and the sultan for economic affairs. The importance of Buwono's position will depend on how effectively the military-dominated Supreme Operations Command can function as a "shadow cabinet" competing for power with the presidium of Subandrio, Chaerul Saleh, and Dr. Johannes Leimena, the Second Deputy Premier.

So far the sultan has contented himself with making innocuous statements. Most recently he warned at an economic seminar sponsored by the Action Command that the country faced a severe crisis if the pattern of rapid inflation did not cease. It was partly at Nasution's and Buwono's urging, as well as in response to public pressure, that Sukarno permitted some modifications in governmental monetary measures.

The price of gasoline, for instance, was reduced by fifty per cent—twice as much as it cost in December but still a partial concession to the students, who had physically forced some dealers to sell at the old rates. Chaerul Saleh said the government would consider revoking a ten per cent levy exacted on those exchanging old rupiahs for the new notes issued after the currency was devalued by 1,000 to 1 in December. And he indicated that the government might also lower the prices for public transportation and postage. Finally, a committee was set up to study ways to control the price of rice, which has doubled since December and gone up twenty times since early last year.

Neither the government's monetary-reform measures nor subsequent efforts to undo them have improved the ailing economy. Indonesia still has virtually no foreign exchange, industry and transportation have continued to deteriorate, the country must import some of its rice and clothing, and the value of the rupiah continues to decline. The worst humiliation came when Japan, long regarded as one of Indonesia's most friendly partners, refused to extend a $15-million credit on the grounds that Indonesia still owed $10 million on a previous loan.

Sukarno is fond of berating the western press, not to mention western diplomats, for predicting his country's economic collapse. But to anyone visiting Djakarta in the past couple of months, it was apparent that Indonesia might already have lost its power to function effectively as a modern state, both internally and in its commercial and diplomatic relations abroad.

Sukarno has said that he will announce a political "solution," but no real solution appears in sight. In mid-January, he rebuked the western press for reporting that as many as 150,000 people had died in the fighting after the September 30 coup—more than in Vietnam in the past five years—and said the figure was 87,000. Then, in what was widely interpreted as a reproof of the armed forces and anti-Communist Moslems, he asked, "Were all these deaths necessary to avenge the murders of six generals?" Today, however, it seems altogether possible that thousands more will die to pay for twenty years of misrule.



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# Youth, Crime, And the Great Society

JAMES SYMINGTON

THOSE of us working for the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Crime daily confront the following facts and figures: The largest group of today's unemployed is between sixteen and nineteen years old. Their unemployment rate is more than three times that for the labor force as a whole. One in three of these new young workers—an estimated twenty-six million of whom are entering the labor force during the 1960's—is a high-school dropout, the last to be hired and the first to be fired. The FBI calculates that in 1964 juveniles were responsible for thirty-seven per cent of the nation's "serious" criminal offenses. All together, some 686,000 of the 1.4 million juvenile arrests were referred to juvenile courts that year, with repeaters accounting for about a third of the cases. Although these referrals represent less than three per cent of American youngsters between ten and seventeen, it is estimated that seventeen per cent of today's ten-year-old boys will be brought before a juvenile court by their eighteenth year. That estimate reaches forty per cent in some urban ghetto areas. Add to this the current annual estimate of 200,000 cases of venereal disease among teen-agers and 100,000 illegitimate births to adolescent mothers, and the problem looms larger.

The relationship between unemployment and delinquency has not been precisely calibrated, but, like the predicted consequences of racial discrimination, it rests on more than a hunch. Recognition of widespread delinquency and the probability of its increase brought about the establishment in 1961 of the President's committee, consisting of the Attorney General of the United States (chairman) and the Secretaries of Labor and of Health, Education and Welfare. President Johnson has reaffirmed its mandate in the strongest terms. A major Federal legislative instrument in this field is the Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Offenses Control Act of September, 1961, which provides the HEW Secretary with authority to make grants to state, local, or nonprofit agencies for the purpose of testing new ways to prevent, treat, and control delinquency, as well as of training social workers, correction officers, police, court officials, and others in the field. The funds available for making these grants have totaled less than $10 million annually.

Initially, under the 1961 act, sixteen major prevention projects were developed in urban areas involving new techniques of job development, job training, education, and neighborhood organization. When it became clear that their objectives could best be fulfilled within the larger framework of the poverty program, most of these projects were brought under the aegis of the Office of Economic Opportunity.

THESE early efforts had served to show that programs designed to involve large numbers of young people were not necessarily the best means of reaching those who most need help. Thus, in 1965 a "Special Demonstration" program was established to support small projects focused on this hard-core group.

Some of these Special Demonstrations are aimed at the relatively unexplored areas of middle-class and suburban delinquency, including increasing rates of illegitimacy, venereal disease, and the use of drugs. To date twenty-six grantees—juvenile courts, universities, foundations, and other organizations—have been given roughly $2 million to deal with the delinquent at various stages of society's encounter with him: as a behavior problem in school, a first or second police contact, a juvenile-court probationer, a correctional-school resident, and a parolee.

Most of these Special Demonstration projects affect urban youth. The community intervention team in Detroit works with juveniles from fourteen to sixteen who have been law violators; the YWCA project in Miami tests new methods of dealing with potentially delinquent girls from thirteen to sixteen; the University of California at Berkeley conducts a program for parolees aged thirteen to seventeen; and the Friends Neighborhood Guild runs a foster-family project for Philadelphia boys released from correctional institutions who have no approved home to go to. Programs to reach and involve gangs and gang leaders are under way in El Paso, Brooklyn, Detroit, and San Francisco. In Arizona a center for young Pima Indians is operated on the premise that those who understand and appreciate their tribal heritage do better in school and on the job than those who do not.

Strong family ties seem to offer one of the best assurances against delinquency in the young. I have spoken with directors of training schools who attribute the rarity of Jewish delinquents to the fact that "they take care of it in the home." This ancient culture, wherein the father is the undisputed head of the family and boys of thirteen are reminded in solemn ceremony that they have become men, appears to produce proportionately fewer young lawbreakers than less closely knit family groups. Neither do the sons of Oriental families in America which have retained their ancestral traditions—chiefly respect for the father—seem to feel a need to slug a cop in order to prove their manhood.

Since the patrolman is usually the first contact that youngsters in the streets have with the law, the value of any program that attempts to reach them is enhanced by police understanding and, if possible, participation. Police officials maintain that changes in requirements and available manpower limit the opportunity to engage in the kind of day-to-day relationships that characterized some neighborhoods in the "old days." Some question the value of such "non-arrest" contact, claiming it is not a "traditional" police function. I have ridden in squad cars with dedicated young policemen; and if the hostility of their reception



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in some slum areas is the normal response to this "traditional" function, something "untraditional" may well be warranted in the interest of public safety.

Unsatisfactory relations between some police and their communities and lack of communication between police and welfare officials are prominent obstacles to the effort to reduce delinquency. Even when distrust is broken down, problems of understanding remain. Nor are they confined to relations between the delinquent and those trying to help him. Judges, police, and welfare officials alike could hardly be blamed for failing to get the gist of the following random sampling from a recent treatise on delinquent gangs:

"Osgood, however, has come to the conclusion after years of experience that semantic differential responses have an affective character, apparently coinciding in dimensionality with universal dimensions of affective meaning applicable to all sensory modalities."

The problem of communication between the social scientist and his colleagues in law and law enforcement is very real. But communicate they must, if they are to carry out in a meaningful way the Presidential mandate to identify and combat the causes of crime and delinquency. Of course, the dialogue is one that also quite properly engages the spirited participation of parents, teachers, ministers, policemen, editors, scoutmasters, and enthusiasts of all kinds. It should be encouraging, I suppose, to find that many such citizens know exactly what to do about crime, particularly proponents of the "crackdown," "young punk," "jail the parent," and "teach them what it means to be an American" theories. Regrettably, the problem never seems as simple as the solutions advanced.

In any event, the overlay of a trained, if not overtrained, social worker's analysis of a given case on top of the simplistic outlines of the precinct-blotter profile adds up to a composite blur of doubtful value to the court. A more coherent total picture might require adjustments in training emphasis, whereby the police rookie loses an hour of traffic training and the budding welfare worker does a little reading on the practical problems of a patrolman.

But policemen, judges, bureaucrats, social workers, and ordinarily reticent professors can find themselves engaged in the liveliest, friendliest exchange in history without making a dent in delinquency if the juvenile himself is not given an active and responsible role to play. We are a young country and getting younger. Within a few years half of all American citizens will be under twenty-five. The median age is already down to fifteen in Latin America. There, teen-agers in urban and rural ghettos carry their smaller brothers or sisters on their backs for miles to the doctor or for safe drinking water. The challenge of living to help others and the effort it requires keep many such youngsters on a straight if rocky road. Our own children, rich and poor alike, want to feel involved in causes that transcend themselves, their community, and their time. For many, the chance to help develop and carry out neighborhood programs of education or recreation would provide such a cause.

If it is true that in some American slums up to sixty per cent of the children are raised in fatherless homes, who is to play the "acceptable male model" in their lives? Is it wiser to look for such a man from among professional caseworkers who live outside the neighborhood, or from among subprofessionals who could be found within the community itself?

### The Hard Core

And what happens to those adolescents whom programs, however well conceived and executed, fail to sway? What of the "institutions" that receive them and the courts that send them there? James Bennett, former director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, recalls that less than five per cent of the Federal judges in his time ever visited a Federal prison. How many juvenile-court judges have made a thorough investigation of the institutions to which they entrust their charges? But why stop with judges? How many mayors, aldermen, councilmen, or state legislators have really investigated the institutions to which juveniles are committed? And if they are found wanting, what higher priority could there be for the expenditure of public funds?

It is not a question of comforts. One director proudly claimed that his boys could watch television every night and see two movies a week. Undoubtedly they were doing that at home when they should have been working, studying, or listening to music that was written from the head and heart and not the midsection. We must ask what demands are being made of these kids, demands that will stretch their minds and lift their spirits. Rather than pap to dull them into sullen acceptance of their lot, they need classrooms, good teachers, and workshops. And they need protection from the disturbed in their midst, who must be more carefully supervised and, if necessary, separated.

We have some institutions that provide such services, but not nearly enough. Those I have seen which successfully receive, handle, train, and educate delinquent boys include the State Correctional Institution at Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, and the Annex to the Boys' Training Schools in New Hampton, New York (here there are 110 staff members for about a hundred boys, a ratio that is clearly relevant to the success of this operation); the National Training School for Boys, located in the District of Columbia, which is embarked on a new education-research program involving flexible rewards (one young man went from a fifth-grade level to tenth in eight months of schooling); and the Ozanam Home for Boys in Kansas City, where sixty boys attend school in the outside community and enjoy recreation, art, shop, and farm experiences at the home.

Many rewarding techniques for



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guidance within institutional limits have been developed. But returning the boy to his home community and enabling him to resist the old influences are more difficult challenges. The Labor Department has taken a lead in meeting them. Under the Manpower Development and Training Act of 1962 and its recent amendments, the department is engaged in experimental programs dealing with the training needs of youthful inmates of correctional institutions and their employment problems when released. In one such project at the New York City institution on Rikers Island, one hundred boys learned to operate data-processing equipment while acquiring basic literacy and self-sufficiency. After release, the boys were provided placement, counseling, and family referral services, with a high ratio of success.

A 1965 amendment to the MDTA enables the department to launch an experimental program to help young ex-prisoners meet the bonding requirements of jobs normally closed to boys with a record. There is hope that the success of these experimental Federal programs will commend them to state and local authorities responsible for the disposition of the vast majority of young offenders, and encourage the passage of enabling laws where necessary.

A re-examination of juvenile-court procedures may also be warranted. Some maintain that these courts have become inappropriately soft on the "sophisticated" young offender and want "stiffer procedures" for the sixteen-year-old and up. They would argue that, if juveniles are to have greater opportunities to act responsibly, they can expect less sympathy if they fail to do so. This approach is not inconsistent with the growing realization in legal circles that certain protections not ordinarily provided in juvenile courts may now be due. The admission of hearsay evidence and rejection of the "legalisms" that would block adult prosecution are permitted on the theory that a juvenile hearing is a civil, not a criminal or adversary, proceeding, and that its purpose is treatment, not punishment. As a result, justice may occasionally be sacrificed in the name of a somewhat illusory "mercy" wherever by youngsters, possibly not even guilty as charged, are hustled off to a detention facility, the "facility" of which is simply to detain. We may be moving toward a more solemn and judicial approach to the older juvenile, whereby his treatment in court would be less avuncular, his sentence more "deterring," and his Constitutional safeguards more complete.

### Our Bighearted Apathy

Last December 23, with Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall and

Federal Bureau of Prisons Director Myrl Alexander, I stood in the dining hall of the National Training School for Boys. We were being shown the school's kitchen and dining facilities. The boys—about two hundred of them—ate quietly, some glancing in our direction. One motioned us over.

"We just wanted to wish you a Merry Christmas," he said, "and to ask who the heck you were."

We wonder who the teen-ager in trouble is. He wonders who we are and what hypocrisies we conceal.

What crimes do we permit to be perpetrated on some families so as to undermine their faith in society and law? They are the quiet crimes of con men who victimize the poor, the new breed of Medicare parasites, the contractor who says he represents Urban Development and must improve the home to save it from condemnation, the bank that takes the note on such transactions. Delinquents take radios. Loan sharks take houses. Some landlords take all the rent a home-starved market will bear and provide as little as possible in return. This is what makes a job a tough one for the policeman, who is seen by the poor more often as the enforcer of laws that take rather than protect.

The journey of a conscience through the world of government can be tortuous. It may seem at times like a tightrope walk between evangelism and bureaucracy. Looking at the problems brings out the evangelist; doing something about them, the bureaucrat. The balancing pole is patience. What escapes headline attention is the fact that the great majority of government men walk the line without losing their balance.

The headlines on delinquency itself bring many a fist down on many a breakfast table. They stimulate letters to Congressmen and other acts of futile indignation. In fairness, second-section reports of slum conditions and recommended community action also stimulate our bighearted apathy—not only with respect to those elements of society which prey on the less fortunate but also with respect to our own homes and the examples and standards we set for our own children. We talk about excellence and the pursuit of excellence. But how many adult Americans are growing breathless in the pursuit of excellence? Consider the shameful dross that the average adult community accepts as commonplace and be grateful, if incredulous, that the proportion of the young who lose sight of our highest standards to the extent of violating our lowest is under five per cent.

We permit our children to be spectators of vice and hate every day. To forbid it would be attacked as deprivation of some Constitutional right on the part of the purveyors of vice and hate. Worse than that, it would require self-discipline on our part. But in permitting it, we do give our children some hard choices, and ourselves too. For we have the choice of whether or not to ignore the consequences of the double standard we so calmly observe. As long as this is the case, the teenager of our time is tempted to inquire what is "like so great" about our society.



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# The Bitter Bread

**JESSE HILL FORD**

It was after Christmas, towards the end of December. There had come a sudden thaw. The roads got soft—the Devil was baking his bread, as the saying is, getting ready to pass out the hard luck for the New Year.

"Yes, yes," said the midwife, coming behind Robert in the narrow lane, toting her black suitcase. "It happen this way every year."

Maybe, thought Robert, maybe not. The damp cold tugged at his hands. Tonight the roads would freeze again. He looked back. "Can't you walk no faster?" he said.

"The first chile alway slow," she replied.

"She alone by herself though," Robert said. "Lemme tote that bag—"

"Don't nobody tote this bag but me."

He waited up until she came alongside him and then, reluctantly, he matched his pace with her own. A hawk went hunting rabbits above the dun-colored fields to the left, patiently tracing back and forth, hovering along the shaggy fence rows. Woods already dark with the cold shadows of winter lay to the right of the lane.

He smelled woodsmoke. His dog, a little brown fice, yapped three times, nervously, like a fox, and ran under the house.

"He won't bite," Robert said leading the way across the porch and entering the little room ahead of the midwife. On the bed beside the fireplace, Jeannie had not raised up.

"It's just me," said the midwife. Jeannie stirred. "How old is she?"

"She seventeen," Robert said. He squatted down and set two hickory logs into the fire. The logs hissed. Flame flickered from the red and yellow embers. It fluttered above the logs in the smoke. "How you feeling, Jeannie?" He asked without looking at the bed.

"No, no, *no*," said the midwife. Robert stood up. He looked around. The midwife had opened her suitcase. "We must take her to the hospital. Wrap her up warm. See how drowsy she is? Feel her?"

"Yes'm."

"Fever," said the midwife. "You ain't got a truck?"

"No."

"Wagon?"

"No."

"Then we have to tote her. Down to the main road we can flag somebody." The midwife leaned over the bed. "We got to get you to town, understand me? Can you hear me? You too drowsy—hear?"

"Yes," Jeannie said. She did not open her eyes.

"How you feel?" Robert said.

"I hurt some," Jeannie said in a sleepy voice.

Robert got her shoes from the hearth.

"Don't bother with that. We'll wrap her up like a baby, see here? Now, lift her," said the midwife. "That's the time."

"She feel hot," Robert said.

The midwife was ahead of him, out the door and across the bare yard. "Makase," she said, going ahead of him almost at a trot now. Carrying Jeannie held close against his chest, his powerful arms under her knees and her shoulders, Robert followed the midwife down the lane. The mud was already beginning to freeze crisp. Sunset made a dark red glow in the sky beyond soft fields of dead grass. Ahead and above him he saw the stars of evening.

Dark had come swiftly down by the time they reached the embankment to the highway. The midwife took off her scarf and waved at the first approaching headlights. A pickup truck stopped. The midwife opened the door. "This girl need to go to the hospital. . . ."

"Get in," said the white man.

Robert climbed into the warm cab, holding Jeannie on his lap like a child. The midwife closed the door and waved good-bye. The truck moved down the highway.

"Has she got anything catching?" said the white man.

"She having a baby."

"Oh." The white man turned the heater up and stepped harder on the gas pedal. Robert's feet began to tingle and get warm. The lights of Somerton appeared. At the Negro entrance to the hospital, down a narrow drive at the rear of the flat wooden building, the white man stopped the truck. He climbed out and came around to Robert's side. He opened the door.

"How much I owe you?" Robert said, climbing down with Jeannie in his arms.

"Nothing," the man said. "I was coming in town anyhow." He walked ahead and opened the door to the hospital.

"I'm much obliged to you," Robert said.

"You're welcome," said the man. "Good luck." And he was gone.

In one corner of the waiting room



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there was a statue of Lord Jesus, standing on a pedestal. Beside the Coca-Cola machine in the hall stood another statue, Mary, dressed in blue robes. "Yes, can I help you?" The white nurse came from behind a counter.

"We need the white doctor," Robert said.

"What's her trouble?"

"Baby," said Robert.

The nurse turned and walked up the corridor. She came back rolling a narrow hospital cart.

Now it's going to be all right, Robert thought. He put Jeannie on the cart.

"Straight down that hall to the front office. You'll see a window. The sign says 'Hospital Admissions.' "

"What about the doctor, please ma'am?"

"After she's admitted to the hospital we'll call the doctor. Meanwhile she can lie here in the hall. She seems to be resting."

"Yes'm," Robert said.

HE WENT down the strange corridor. The woman behind the admissions window was a Sister in black robes. Robert answered her questions one after the other while she filled in a white form.

"Fifty dollars," the Sister said.

"Yes'm. Put it on the book. I'll pay it."

"Cash, now," she said.

He reached into the pocket of his denim jacket and brought out the bills and the change, six dollars and forty-seven cents. He laid it out for her. "I can put this here down."

"Didn't you hear me just explain to you a while ago? We have rules. Your wife can't be admitted until you've paid fifty dollars cash in advance."

"Fifty dollars," Robert said.

"Fifty dollars," the Sister said. "I didn't make the rule."

"She need the white doctor," Robert said.

"I'm sure she does, and we'll call the doctor as soon as we can get her into a hospital bed. The doctor can't deliver babies out in the hall. I'll hold these papers while you go for the money."

"Yes'm. I don't have it."

"Then you'll have to borrow it, won't you?"

"Yes'm."

She turned away in the bright, silent room beyond the glass, bent about other business. Robert went out the front door and walked quickly down the road. For the first time he knew he had been sweating in the warm corridor because the cold came through his clothes. The sweat combined with it to chill him. He pushed his hands into the pockets of his coat and set off walking. Fear caught at him then. He began suddenly to run down the side of the road. He turned and waved at the lights of a car. It passed him slowly by, its exhaust making a steamy white plume in the air that was freezing him. He began running again. He ran down towards the intersection, past a row of neat white houses. Dogs rushed down the lawns and leaped the ditch, barking. He walked then. The dogs backed nervously away, whining at the strange smell of him.

At the corner he stopped. There was a filling station on his right, well lit, and painted blue and red. Inside the station two white men warmed themselves beside a kerosene heater. He crossed the street. A sidewalk took up on the other side and he began running again. He had a glimpse of white faces peering at him from the passing cars. He ran doggedly on, sweating again, breathing through his mouth, and tasting the bite of the cold air. By now, he thought, the land would be frozen—nearly hard as this sidewalk, by now.

HE PASSED the last houses in the white section of town. He saw the cotton gin and the railroad crossing. He stopped running and walked long enough for his heart to stop pounding so, long enough for the ache inside to ease a bit. Beyond the rail crossing and up a side street he saw Joe-Thell's barbecue stand and the beer hall.

Robert had passed some time in the place on Saturday evenings at strawberry harvest and during cotton season. He ran up the street and pushed through the flimsy door. Joe-Thell looked up, frightened. "What's wrong?" he said. "Say, Robert?" There were no customers in the place.

"I need to borrow fifty dollars," Robert said.

"That quick," said Joe-Thell. He was an old man, wise in the ways of the world and never at a loss for words. He listened as Robert explained, nodding to let Robert know he had heard the same story six dozen times before. Joe-Thell nodded, sadly amused. He struck a kitchen match and lit his cigarette. He wiped his hands on his apron.

"*This* time of year though," said Joe-Thell, "peoples ain't got any work. Peoples ain't got any money, and you got nothing to hock."

"If it was another time of year I wouldn't need to borrow," Robert said. "I can pay back."

"If I had it you could have it," said Joe-Thell. "But I don't have it. Here it is already after dark."

"Then who does have it?" Robert said. "Jeannie up there laying in the hall."

"You got to have a lender, Robert. Mama Lavorn about the only one I know that might go that high with you this time of the year."

"Mama Lavorn?"

"Sure," Joe-Thell said. "Over to the Cafe and Tourist. Don't you know the Cafe and Tourist?" Joe-Thell was smiling a weary smile. "Look here, Robert. Go back to the crossing and then follow the dirt



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street by the tracks, that's south on a dirt street that angles and slants off. Mama Lavorn got a red light that winks on and off above her front entrance. It's up that road on the right-hand side."

"Mama Lavorn," Robert said.

"Tell her I sent you. Say to her Joe-Thell said she might go that high."

ROBERT was already backing away to the door. He turned suddenly out into the cold again, running back the way he had come, crossing the railroad and running; running then up the dark dirt side street. He suddenly sprawled. He fell, crashing through thin ice into a puddle of freezing water. He leaped up, the front of him wet through. He was stung by the cold water. Almost without knowing it he was running again, but carefully now, watching for the pale gleam of the frozen puddles. His thin clothes began to stiffen in front where the puddle had wet them. His hands burned.

He crossed the porch beneath the blinking red light bulb and opened the front door. He saw Mama Lavorn smiling at him. She sat in a high chair behind the cash register. She was a fat, dark woman in a purple dress. She wore earbobs that glittered like ice when she moved her head.

"Lord, look here!" said Mama Lavorn. "I mean *somebody's* in a hurry!"

Her smile disappeared as he began talking. "So you need fifty dollars," she said. "You know anyplace else you can get it?" She didn't wait for him to say no, but went on: "Because if you do I'm going to give you good advice. Go there and get it. I'm a lender. If you get it here it's going to cost you money—*if* you get it."

"Please . . ." he said.

"The interest on a dollar for one week is two bits—twenty-five cents," she said. "In a week this fifty dollars gonna come to sixty-two fifty. Put it another way, you can bring me twelve and a half dollars every Saturday to take care of the interest and keep the fifty dollars until strawberry season if you have to."

Robert nodded. "Sign here, on this line." She pushed him a check on the Farmers and Merchants Bank. She handed him her fountain pen. He signed the check. "If you come up and don't pay, or if you miss a payment, all I have to do is take this check to court and they'll come after you. It means jail then, don't you know?"

"Yes'm."

She counted the money out of the cash drawer and into his big hand. "How come you so wet?"

"I fell," he said. Clutching the money, he made himself walk out the door. Then he ran.

NOW, he was thinking, it *will* be all right. Running was easier now. The way back seemed shorter. The sidewalk started again. Almost before he knew it he saw the blue-and-red filling station, then the two white men, standing inside as before, beside the heater. Again the dogs rushed down at him but he hardly minded them. They drew back as though astonished and let him pass. Lightly he bounded over the dead short grass on the hospital lawn and took his time then, opening the front door and approaching the admissions window. He laid the five bills on the black marble shelf.

Silently the sister took the money, counted it, and pushed him a receipt. "Take this to the nurse."

"The doctor?"

"The doctor will be called."

He went down to the Negro waiting room. The nurse took the receipt. "Do you have a regular doctor?"

"No," he said. "No, ma'am."

The nurse picked up the phone. Robert walked around the corner and into the hall to the cart. The hallway was dim. It didn't seem proper to touch his wife, not here.

"What took me so long," he said softly, "I had to go after the money."

Jeannie made no answer. Resting, he thought.

He walked back to the waiting room. It was deserted. Only Christ and Mary looked at him from pale, hard eyes. The red eye in the cold-drink machine said "Nickels Only." The doctor came briskly up the hall, nodded in Robert's direction, and muttered something to the nurse.

The two of them went into the dim hallway. Presently they came back.

"Should have called me at once!" the doctor said. "How long ago did you bring her in?"

"I think. . . ."

"You *think?*" The doctor came slowly from behind the counter. "Robert?" The doctor's white face had a smooth powdered look. His eyes were soft and blue.

"Sir?"

"Your wife's dead. She's been dead maybe half an hour. Sister will refund your fifty dollars. There'll be no fee for my services. There's the body to be taken care of—I usually call the L. B. Jones Funeral Parlor for Colored."

"And they bury her?"

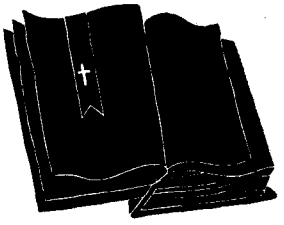
"Well, they fix her and arrange a burial for her, yes. You have a burial policy?"

"I don't have one," Robert said.

"Doctor?" It was the nurse. The doctor went to the counter. He took out his fountain pen. In a moment he returned, holding a slip of paper. He handed the paper to Robert.

"That's the death certificate. However you decide about handling the burial will be all right. Whoever does it will need this."

"Thank you, sir," Robert said. He sat down on the yellow patterned sofa. The doctor went away.



Presently a priest appeared. "I'm sorry about your wife, my son. She's in the arms of God now. She's with God. Are you a Catholic?"

"No, sir."

"We always ask. Not many Negroes are Catholics. We've a few converts among the Negro personnel who work here at the hospital."



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"Yes, sir."

"Can I help you in any way? With arrangements?"

The nurse handed something to the priest, who then handed it to Robert—the fifty dollars. Robert put the bills in the damp, cold pocket of his cloth jacket. He carefully folded the death certificate then. The embarrassment of grief had begun to blind him a little—to make him dizzy. He stood up and pushed the slip of white paper into the watch pocket of his overalls.

A big man, taller than the white people, he felt better standing up.

"We can't keep the body here," the nurse was saying.

Robert walked down the hall to the cart. He pulled the white sheet away. Then he wrapped Jeannie carefully in her quilt. He lifted her in his arms.

"If I can help in any way," the priest was saying. "If there's anyone I can call. . . ."

"Just open the door, please sir," Robert said.

The priest looked at the nurse. "Oh, this happens, it happens," the nurse said. "Wait till you've been here long as I have."

The priest opened the door. "God love you," he said.

ROBERT stepped into the cold. He walked slowly at first, until he reached the road, then he shifted his burden to his shoulder. It rested lightly. He walked at a quick steady pace and was soon out of town, beyond the last yellow street lamp. He chose the longer way, by the old road, a hard, narrow winding road that soon played out to gravel wending between the frozen fields.

At last he crossed the highway, climbed down the embankment, and entered the lane. His shoulder was numb. His side had begun to ache. As he had known it would be, the earth in the lane was frozen hard. The ground everywhere would be hard this night. Like a taste of sudden sickness, grief welled up inside him again, bone-hard and hard as the frozen ground, yet after the first few strokes of the pick the crust finally would give way. He knew the spade would bite and bite again, deeper and deeper still.

# Off-Broadway Trio

**GERALD WEALES**

ONE of the favorite laments about the New York theatre is that there is no longer a place for the interesting small play. Off-Broadway this season both contradicts and confirms this discomforting bromide.

A handful of new playwrights received generally favorable reviews at their debuts, but when I went to see the work of three of them recently, two of the productions were having difficulties. Robert Hooks, the producer of and one of the actors in the Douglas Turner Ward double bill at the St. Marks Playhouse, *Happy Ending* and *Day of Absence,* came out after the performance and urged the audience to tell their friends to "come on down." The John White plays at the Pocket Theatre, *Bugs* and *Veronica,* had already posted a closing notice, although the producers were hoping that a favorable review just out in *Life* would give them a new lease on it. Only William Alfred's *Hogan's Goat,* at the American Place Theatre, was doing a brisk business. At the matinee I attended on a cold afternoon, a cluster of would-be customers stood at the box office waiting for cancellations.

In point of quality, there is little to choose among these dramatists. All of them show obvious talent, but both their plays and the productions fall far short of perfection. Even so, any reviewer who cares about the theatre in general and the state of American drama in particular quite rightly would urge his readers to go see all three.

Why *Hogan's Goat* should have become a hit while the two double bills barely hang on—particularly when *Hogan's Goat* is badly acted—is one of those unfathomable New York mysteries which even publicity men cannot solve. I suspect, however, that it has to do with the fact that Alfred's play is serious in an old-fashioned, ponderous way while Ward and White dress their seriousness in comedy. In New York, the counterhit, the play that has drawn crowds by declaring its significance, its separateness from musical comedy and the sex farce, is usually something like *Tiny Alice* or *The Devils. Hogan's Goat* belongs in that company.

Alfred, who once wrote an *Agamemnon,* sets out ambitiously to write a tragedy from American materials. His setting is Brooklyn in 1890; his power-hungry hero, an Irish immigrant who climbs across the bodies and the feelings of his friends in an attempt to crown his ambition by becoming mayor of the city. Since big-city ward politics in the days when corruption was avuncular is likely to be treated with comic nostalgia, Alfred is a brave



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man to try to pump substance into what cannot escape being stereotyped. His failure does not lie in the milieu but in the nature of his hero's flaw.

There are moments when Matthew Stanton sounds as though he were suffering from hubris, but that possibility dwindles to a classical echo. It cannot be developed seriously, for such pride can hardly be a crime to the gods in a society in which the dirt-poor immigrant is expected to lift himself to a position of power. Nor, for all the Catholicism implicit in the Irish-American setting, can his disavowal of God be taken by a secular audience as a reason for his final fall.

Alfred never comes to grips with the paradox that might make the play fascinating, the suggestion that Matt can only escape his past by accepting that most of his fellow immigrants will be forced to remain what we now call second-class citizens. A theme that should be of compelling interest today is sidetracked into a personal problem that, for all the overtones of tragedy, cannot escape being sentimental. Matt is doomed to defeat, it seems, because he is a taker and not a giver, because he uses those who love him; this, at least, is the message that is drummed at us as the play pulls to a tear-jerking end.

There is a probability that Alfred intends *Hogan's Goat* to be more complicated than that, that he sees Matt as a man who loves and at the same time, because of the background he wants to escape, is afraid to love, and that he intends the old mayor to be a parallel character. But such characterization never really comes through, certainly not in the acting, through which both Matt and the old man become hammily one-dimensional. When Matt falls to his knees at the end of the play, after accidentally killing his Katie, the moment is not the great revelation that the play needs; it is the kind of sentimental ending Arthur Wing Pinero used in his supposedly serious plays, in which he priggishly knocked off the heroine to teach the hero a lesson. Nor can the priest's irrelevant curtain line, "Cry for us all," lift Matt's collapse into a universal statement.

The actors, who must struggle with an Irish brogue and verse at the same time, give old-fashioned bad performances which underline the least successful elements in the play. At the same time, the production masks Alfred's virtues—a sense of comic metaphor which does not violate the Irish-American setting as so many of the serious lines do, and an ability to write short scenes which, in other hands, would be at once revelations of character and complete vaudeville turns.

THE Ward and White programs are not as ambitious as *Hogan's Goat*, and—perhaps for that reason—they are much easier to watch. *Happy Ending*, Douglas Turner Ward's curtain raiser, is no more than an anecdote in which the Negro servant who takes home the leftovers is converted into a kind of big business executive. The cook-

maid and her sister, who does the laundry, have been systematically robbing the rich white family for whom they work, carrying off expensive food, clothes, and furniture. The titular happy ending is the boss's decision not to get the divorce that would have destroyed their base of operations.

The play not only uses a verbal sledgehammer on the white family; in the figure of the nephew who learns the value of being a new Uncle Tom, it makes fun of that part of the civil-rights movement which is concerned with the lip-service values of the middle class—dignity, position, image. If the play had been written by a white man, there might be pickets around the theatre, but as it stands it is a harmless inside joke; after all, a joke that is offensive in the mouth of a Klansman might be funny at a Hadassah meeting. Although I do not think Ward meant the play to be anything more than amusing, there is a serious point about American materialism implicit in it. As I listened to Ellie (well played in this performance by Louise Stubbs) list lovingly the treasures she had carried away, I could hear an anonymous looter of the Watts riot telling a television interviewer as they stood in front of a wrecked store, "I got some very nice items here."

*Day of Absence*, which is called "a reverse minstrel show," is based on a supposition which also underlies *Happy Ending*—that without the Negro to do his presumed menial tasks, white society would collapse. *Day of Absence* shows us this collapse in a Southern town that wakes up one morning to find all the Negroes gone. It is played by Negroes in whiteface, and, like the traditional minstrel show, it deals only in comic stereotypes—the helpless Southern belle; the Southern politician (two varieties), all bombast and rhetoric; the unctuous, bigoted clergyman; the social worker. The idea is a clever one, but it is difficult to sustain because Ward quickly becomes repetitious where he needs to be inventive.

It may be that Ward intended more than the surface of his play provides, that he was commenting on some of his fellow Negro playwrights; for the kind of white stereotype that Ward uses as a joke, a writer like James Baldwin uses seriously in *Blues for Mister Charlie*.

OF THE two John White plays, *Bugs* is the less interesting, a mild needling of the conventional psychological play with a few funny lines. *Veronica* is too extended but it is a great deal more amusing. It concerns a songwriting team at the end of a five-year dry streak brought on when the lyricist, the idea man, married an intellectual girl and became preoccupied with the bomb and fashionable despair. It takes an escapist burglar to teach him that the boy-girl—June-moon commonplaces are still important; the curtain falls on a chaos of creativity.

The charm of the play lies in the fact that White's songwriters are funny and are meant to be, and yet, while we accept them as a joke, we also recognize that White is quite serious in his suggestion that the despair bit is as much a pose as the clichés of their trade. A fine farce performance by Ralph Bell, as the composer, contributes greatly to the total effect of White's play.



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# Record Notes

**ROLAND GELATT**

KODALY: HARY JANOS SUITE AND PEACOCK VARIATIONS. **Boston Symphony, Eric Leinsdorf. (RCA Victor 2859, mono or stereo.)**

The acoustic spotlighting possible on records benefits certain music enormously—particularly those pieces in which a tonally reticent instrument performs in partnership with a symphony orchestra. One pertinent example is the Dvorák Cello Concerto, where the recording microphone hears details in the solo part that would otherwise be lost in a mire of orchestral impasto. Another is the *Háry János* suite of Zoltán Kodály. Here the bashful instrument is the cimbalom, a Hungarian dulcimer that speaks with a gentle, twangy accent not unlike that of the marimba. Kodály assigns it a leading role in two of the suite's six movements, but the combined orchestral forces are more than a match for it, and at a concert performance it is maddening to watch the cimbalist hammering away to such ineffective purpose.

There is nothing ineffective about the cimbaling of Toni Koves-Steiner as it issues from the loudspeakers in this new recording. RCA's engineers have wisely refrained from magnifying the instrument out of all sensible proportion, but they have given it enough sonic boost to make its piquant flavoring readily apparent. The effect is stunning. Indeed, the engineering is the most remarkable thing about this disc. Anyone who has heard the witty gusto with which a Hungarian ensemble lashes into this music won't be entirely happy with the straightforward efficiency of Leinsdorf's proper Bostonians. But the burnished sound of these golden instrumentalists is hard to resist, and the suite itself is impossible to resist—a marvelous mélange of pungent melody and droll orchestration. Alas, the *Peacock Variations* on the overside make a dull anticlimax.

The jacket features annotations (in his own English) by the eighty-three-year-old composer, and a special word of praise should go to the editor who allowed this artless prose ("How Háry came to Vienna?") to appear in print unimproved.

BACH: BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS NOS. 2, 5, AND 6. **Concentus Musicus, Nikolaus Harnoncourt. (Telefunken 9460-A Ex, mono or stereo.)**

With twenty-odd *Brandenburg* recordings already in the catalogue, a new one must be something very special to merit attention. This one is. It comes closer than anything else on records to reproducing the sounds Bach himself heard. This is partly a question of pitch (a half tone lower than today's norm), partly a question of acoustics (the sessions were held in the marbled hall of a baroque palace), partly a question of interpretative style, but mostly a question of instrumental authenticity. The members of this

Vienna-based ensemble perform here on instruments of Bach's time—either antiques in good preservation or accurate modern reproductions. Their woodwinds are almost keyless (and really made of wood—even the flute); the brasses are valveless and of smaller bore than today's; the strings are without the structural modifications (in fingerboard and bridge) introduced in the nineteenth century to increase volume and heighten brilliance; the bows are pre-Tourte.

These dissimilarities are immediately apparent to the ear. One's first impression is of a quieter, more reposeful sound. And as the ear grows accustomed to the unfamiliar tone, it begins to pick out details that had previously gone unnoticed, to relish colorations and balances that are seemingly impossible with modern instruments (the equal interplay of trumpet, recorder, oboe, and solo violin in the finale of Concerto No. 2, for example). Harnoncourt conducts with a lithe, buoyant beat and in addition contributes informative and persuasive jacket notes. Indeed, both in execution and presentation the production serves as exemplar for the historical series of which it forms a part, Telefunken's "Musik und ihre Zeit."

LUCCHINETTI AND OTHERS: MUSIC FOR TWO ORGANS. **Rudolph Ewerhart and Mathias Siedel, organs. (Archive 73249 stereo, 3249 mono.)**

If you fancy the merry, wheezy sound of a small rococo church organ, you can double your pleasure and double your fun with two small rococo church organs. The instruments in question are from the eighteenth-century Abbey of Ebrach (Bavaria), and they are displayed in an engaging collection of duets by various eighteenth-century Italians. Expect no profundities here, no ecstatic fervor. This is merely the Sunday sport of highly accomplished craftsmen volleying jaunty allegros back and forth across the nave. Like exhibition tennis pros, they keep the game in motion with soothing efficiency and an occasional spurt of brilliance, never leaving you in any doubt that their sole aim is to divert.

The record's *pièce de résistance* is a Concerto in B flat by Bernardo Lucchinetti, a Milanese who doesn't even rate a mention in *Grove's Dictionary* but who was plainly a past master at the art of confecting hurdles for virtuoso organists. Handel would have been proud to call the work his own—and indeed, considering his penchant for pinching other people's music, may even have done so. The disc includes some anonymous Intradas for two organs, trumpets, horns, and kettledrums—ceremonial display pieces presumably intended to usher distinguished prelates into church. They make a fine festive sound, though a whole side of them is a bit too much. The law of diminishing returns applies forcefully to musical pomp and flourish.

Engineering, manufacture, and annotations are of the predictable Archive quality. For this kind of



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antiphonal music, of course, stereo is a necessity.

**VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: SYMPHONY NO. 8. Hallé Orchestra (Manchester), Sir John Barbirolli; (Vanguard SRV 184, mono or stereo.)**

The Hallé is not one of the world's great orchestras, but Sir John Barbirolli is one of the great conductors—an old-fashioned musician more intent on poetry than precision, with the rare faculty of making listeners feel that his heart as well as his mind is totally committed. Vanguard is making a large number of his Manchester recordings available in its $1.98 "Everyman" series, and they are unbeatable bargains. The Vaughan Williams Eighth is singled out for mention because it is a Barbirolli specialty and an immediately appealing piece that deserves to be better known, if only for its poignantly contemplative third movement, a cavatina for strings replete with those dulcet modal melodies which seem to sum up in sound the rolling, green serenity of the English countryside. On the reverse is the Elgar *Enigma Variations*—not the most mercurial version on records, but one with the requisite sentiment and swagger.

**SCHUMANN: DICHTERLIEBE. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Jörg Demus, piano. (Deutsche Grammophon 139109, mono or stereo.)**

Schumann's song cycle *Dichterliebe*, with its wide range of mood from frothy gaiety to stark despair, provides one of the acid tests of a lieder singer, and a new recording of it by the industrious Fischer-Dieskau has been eagerly awaited. But the disc is not an unblemished success. It serves, in fact, as a compendium of this singer's virtues and vices.

On a purely vocal level his work is beyond compare. Nobody else today could encompass so flawlessly the tripping lightness of "Die Rose, die Lilie," the fluid legato of "Ich will meine Seele tauchen," the resonant declamations of "Die alten bösen Lieder." But along with these sterling attributes go some deplorable interpretive clichés. Fischer-Dieskau manages to escape them only when the tempo is sufficiently fast and rigid to hold him in check. Elsewhere he falls into the sentimentalities (that inevitable whine when the text speaks of weeping), the crooning and swooping, the obvious emphases, the rhythmic flabbiness that continue to plague him when he negotiates the classic German song literature. (In opera—Mozart, Verdi, Wagner—he makes a far more impressive showing.)

Following long phonographic precedent, Fischer-Dieskau is accompanied here by a musician of solo rank. But though Demus does commendable justice to Schumann's imaginative accompaniments, he is hampered by microphoning that puts the piano on less than equal footing with the singer. Stereo notwithstanding, there are more satisfying interpretations of *I ichterliebe* on records from such partnerships as Panzéra/Cortot, Lehmann/Walter, Schiotz/Moore, and Bernac/Casadesus.

# Home Movies at Newport

She says if they could rise up from their graves
and see your handsome family here at Newport
growing and grown—
her eyes show childish movies of the years,
quick generations dragging sandpails out.
The young one looks like you did then not now—
the waves break background green and do not change.

She sits here in her seventies at least,
lively survivor of so many dead—
uncles rocking on the album porch,
the watermelon brightness of the Fourths
when winking seeds flecked Grandpa's silver beard,
the little house spilled cousins out the doors
before the rumors of the wars were heard.

Fat rich Frank a penury of bones
and laughing Jack a black and soundless grin,
Elva, too, and Oscar, Melvin, Joe—
a list of ghosts comes back to sun and swim.

She doesn't like my beard. It makes her old,
and glasses, too—has youth gone dim so soon?
How many times since then this sea's unrolled
rolled back and stayed the same, cruel changeless coast.

She almost slaps a thigh but doesn't quite;
enthusiasm wrinkles, not yet lost—
she had to see the children in this light
against the curving summer sound of foams
before the coming winter—and that night.
Goodbye, goodbye, Aunt Nettie. Yes, I'll write.

—HAROLD WITT



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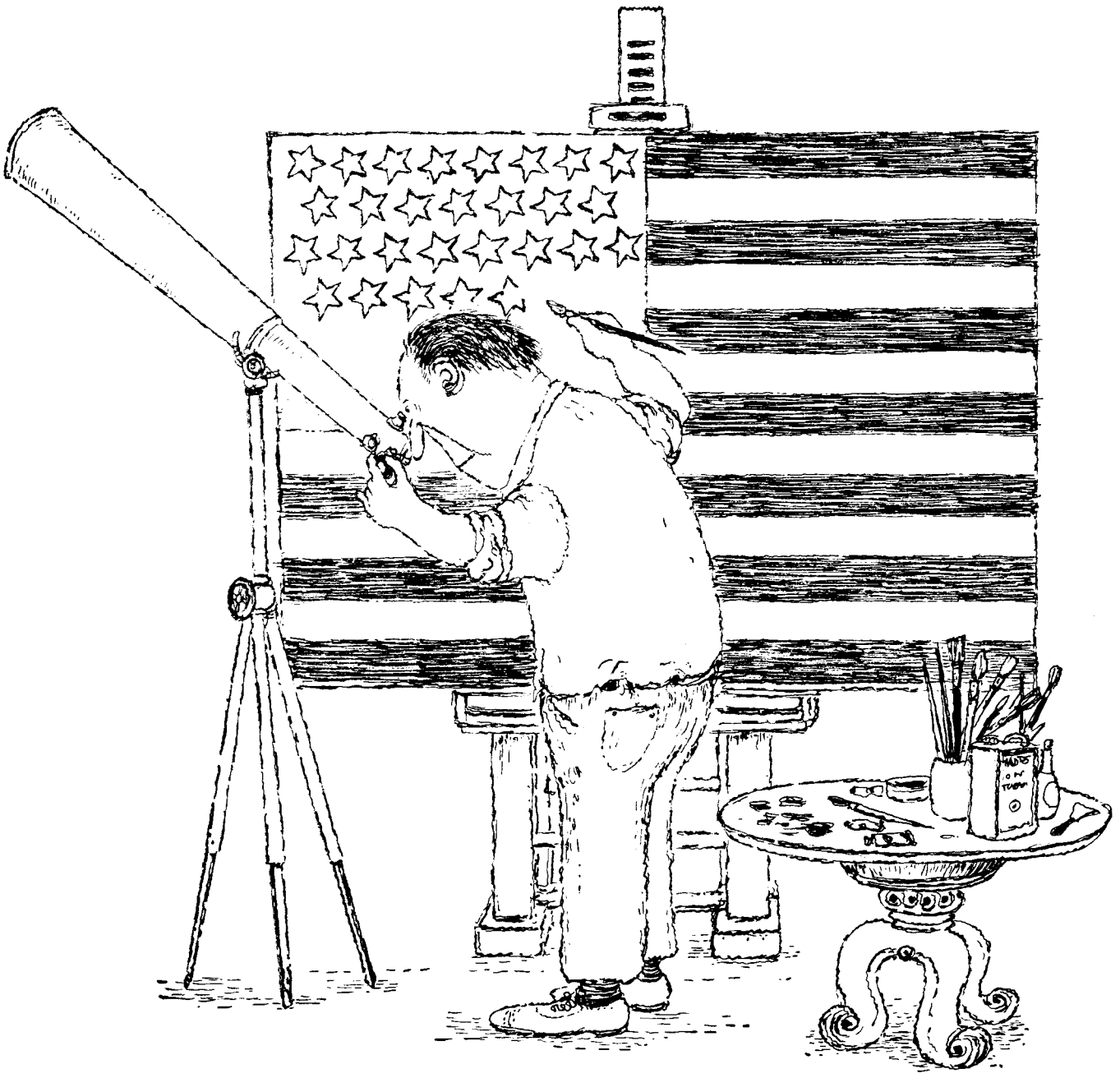

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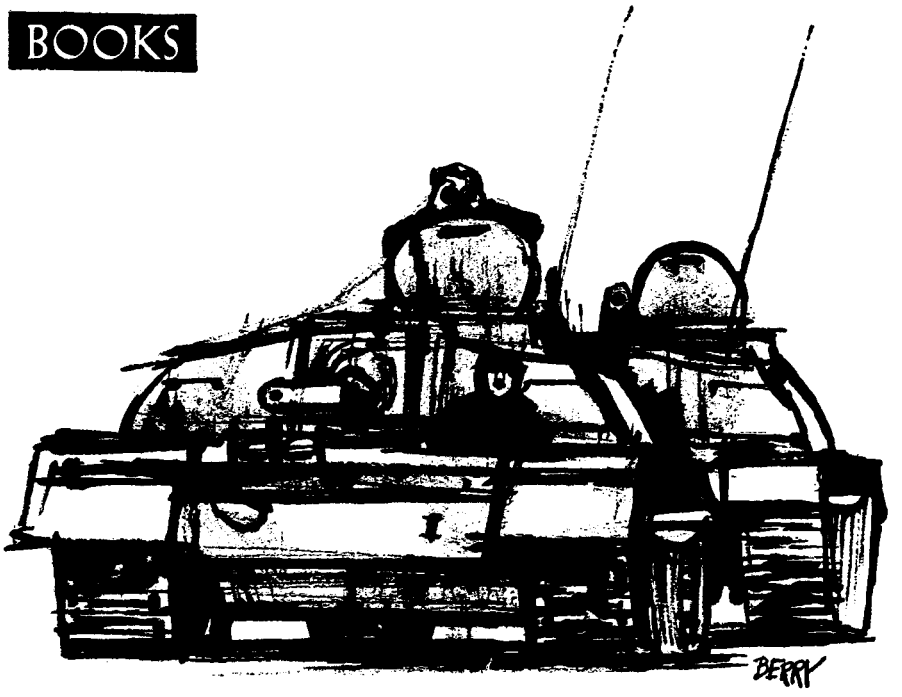


# The Mind Behind the Blitzkrieg

BARBARA W. TUCHMAN

THE LIDDELL HART MEMOIRS, 1895-1938, VOLUME I. *Putnam. $7.50.*

Captain Basil H. Liddell Hart (despite knighthood in the last Honours List, the lifelong military title is as reluctantly detached from him as "Mr." from Churchill) belongs to that select company—so select that he may be its only living member—who have made history happen through the power of an idea expressed by the pen. Translated into action, the idea takes on physical momentum. Karl Marx with the summons to class struggle is of the company, perhaps its chief. Admiral Mahan, who by formulating the theory and function of sea power motivated both American expansion and the naval ambitions of imperial Germany, belongs to it, as does J. M. Keynes, whose theory of economic pump priming turned the wheels of the welfare state. Captain Liddell Hart, working from experience and study of the First World War and absorption in military history since boyhood, developed, formulated, and preached during the 1920's and 1930's the theory and tactics of mobile armored penetration that became the German Blitzkrieg. He was the "theoretical originator of mechanized warfare," acknowledged General Heinz Guderian, commander of the Panzer divisions in the attack on France in 1940: "I was one of his disciples."

LIDDELL HART was of course not the only man to draw from the dreadful deadlocks created by the increased power of the defense in 1914-1918 the lesson of the need to develop a swift, overpowering offense. New ideas growing out of historical necessity seldom sprout singly. His older associate, General (then Colonel) J. F. C. Fuller, was working along similar lines. Across the Channel a young fellow-veteran of the Western Front, Captain Charles de Gaulle, five years Liddell Hart's senior, reached and published much the same conclusions. But unlike de Gaulle, Liddell Hart, whom ill-health rendered unfit for active service, unwillingly but, as it turned out, fortunately, left the active list in 1924 when he was twenty-eight. He gained in freedom of expression, since the Chief of Imperial General Staff considered it a matter of principle that "no officer on the active list should be allowed to write any military book."

From then on, by virtue of his unremitting output as military correspondent, first of the *Daily Telegraph*, then of the *Times*, as author up to 1938 of some seventeen books of military history, biography, and theory, as constant contributor, lecturer, and critic of military operations, he was the man the Germans listened to. His articles were translated by the German War Ministry for study by the Reichswehr, his book *The Future of Infantry* was adopted as a text by the Waffen S.S. and used in the training of the motorized infantry regiments of the panzer divisions, his reports on the British Tank Brigade exercises were eagerly seized on by General Guderian, who, too impatient to wait for official translation, paid a local tutor out of his own pocket to translate them.

As might be expected, Liddell Hart was less a prophet at home. "History shows," as he points out, "that armies learn from defeat but not from victory." However costly past errors, the winner, with no immediate motive to retool, tends to come to rest. It is the loser who is open to new ideas and looks for new means to reverse the verdict. Alert, forward-looking officers were not absent from the British Army —if they had been, Liddell Hart's ideas would not have made the headway they did—but these were in the minority. The static weight of the Haig mentality dominated, not to be shattered by anything short of Dunkirk, or the advance vibrations of a Dunkirk to come.

THE FIRST VOLUME of the *Memoirs* takes the author to his appointment as adviser to the new War Minister, Leslie Hore-Belisha, in 1937—the year before Munich, when the vibrations were already rattling the windows of the War Office. Essentially it is the story of the fortunes of an idea during that brief, sad, badly used twenty-year interval of might-have-been between the wars.

The idea begins with recognition



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that in the problem of attack in modern warfare, "exploitation of any penetration is the most vital stage." The problem was to find the means of producing "continuity of pressure . . . necessary to penetrate a defense distributed in depth quickly enough to forestall the defender's recovery." From this evolved the concept of "penetrating maneuver instead of linear action," to be carried out by a swift-moving combined combat force of armored vehicles and motorized infantry with air support, driving on as far and as fast as possible against the essential target: the enemy's communications in his rear. The strategy and tactics of the Mongol armies of Genghis Khan provided the model for the highly mobile mechanized force which Liddell Hart visualized as performing the "decisive maneuver" of battle in the role formerly played by the cavalry.

During the two short decades that no one could have imagined would be all the grace that Europe would give itself, the modernists of the British Army struggled against the mandarins to win adoption of the new concept and a program embodying it. Despite progress and encouragement here and there, the dominant note is one of frustration —the wall of agonizing, infuriating, baffling, tragic, and silly frustrations that entrenched inertia raises against the proponents of change. The role of gadfly in the cause of change does not make for popularity, and Liddell Hart's career was marked by unhappy quarrels and contentions.

Yet the idea advanced. Not everyone in the upper echelons was stagnant, complacent, or stupid. Fuller was appointed Military Assistant to the Chief of General Staff in 1925 with the task of "thinking ahead"; Sir David Campbell, a tank enthusiast, was appointed to the Aldershot Command, the prime post of the home army; Sir John Stuart, commander of the Third Division, in charge of early experiments with a mechanized force, was an officer who could ask for "as many enthusiastic experts and visionaries as you can; it doesn't matter how wild their views are if only they have a touch of the divine fire." Even the Grenadier Guards supplied a "progressive minded" military attaché at Berlin who "keenly supported new military ideas in every field."

Yet the men at the top hesitated, vacillated, tentatively tried out mechanization, then faltered, held back by the Englishman's vested devotion to the horse. Despite the ghastly proof piled up in 1914-1918, the cavalryman still governed the British Army. General J. E. B. Seely, a former Secretary for War, scorned tanks as "those petrol things"; General G. A. Weir said at a Royal United Services Institution lecture in 1920, "We must depend on the man and the horse to obtain really decisive results." It was left of course to Lord Haig to qualify the principle more exactly. Airplanes and tanks were after all "only accessories to the man and the horse," he stated in 1925, "and I feel sure that as time goes on you will find just as much use for the horse—the well-bred horse—as you have ever done in the past." "That was the man," Liddell Hart quotes Lloyd George saying to him bitterly in 1932, "we made an earl."

NEVERTHELESS Britain gave the world the lead in putting into the field the first experimental mechanized force in 1931 under the régime of Field Marshal Sir George Milne as Chief of Staff. Though believing in the principle, Milne was harassed by fits of caution and doubt. He would "start audaciously and end cautiously," said Fuller. "Could one have turned him mentally upside down, what a superb C.I.G.S. he would have made!" He was succeeded in 1933, the year Hitler came to power, by Field Marshal Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd, named like something out of Gilbert and Sullivan, who behaved accordingly. He did not believe in the need to "organize the Army again for a war in Europe," which he considered unlikely to happen "for many years to come," but he did believe that divorced officers should be retired and that two horses should be provided for each officer in the cavalry regiments that were to be mechanized. Not surprisingly, by 1935, when the Germans had three tank brigades incorporated in three armored divisions, progress in Britain had halted; the British Army did not form its first armored division until 1937. "No subsequent efforts," writes Liddell Hart, "could make up the leeway of those three wasted years."

Anecdotes and personal sidelights on the governing men of the appeasement years gleam like nuggets in the memoirs. Visiting Mussolini, Liddell Hart finds him conscious of the danger to a dictator of living among sycophants and as an antidote reading the anti-authoritarian foreign papers, particularly the *Manchester Guardian*. Geoffrey Dawson, editor of the *Times*, in the early 1930's "took the view that it was unlikely there would ever be another war, and therefore a permanent military correspondent was unnecessary." Sir John Simon earned the nickname of Uriah Heep at the Geneva Disarmament Conference from what appeared to be a habit of rubbing his hands together as he spoke, but what was in fact a too smoothly concealed practice of turning over a series of cards on which he had typed the main points of his speech.

A startling example of a single glimpse revealing a whole character is the case of Duff Cooper, biographer of Haig and Secretary of War in 1935, whom Liddell Hart found irritatedly reading the *New Statesman's* "This England" column in the bar of Buck's Club and confessing, "I constantly find myself agreeing with the things they think funny." ("This England" is a weekly collection of quoted remarks from various sources culled and sent in by *New Statesman* readers as noteworthy examples of the Colonel Blimp-cum-Babbitt sector of public opinion.) Several glimpses of Churchill are fresh and not flattering. The lack of sympathy between them was a product of a clash in the later war, but even in 1936, when Churchill was discussed as a possible candidate to head a combined Defense Ministry, Liddell Hart expressed some doubts.

Liddell Hart's is not a mind that stops at the "gospel of tactics," as he calls it, for its own sake. He preached the gospel not as an end in itself but as a means of conducting war successfully—so long as war was a factor in human affairs. At the Disarmament Conference of



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1932, he was equally willing to preach a solution, "simple and complete," which was the logical reverse of his own doctrine, namely, abolition of weapons that favored the offensive: heavy artillery and the heavy tank. Rendered thus nonaggressive and incapable of undertaking invasion, armies would truly become a means of defense.

This solution being rejected, Liddell Hart returned to his gospel. He saw it increasingly appreciated and adopted by the future enemy and, when war came, proved in practice by the invasions of Poland and France. Understandably, this was to lead him to an unhappy defeatism or at best a poor opinion of his own country's chances. Yet he himself had written long before that, "In war the chief incalculable is the human will." Treating it perhaps too technically, as one more component of tactics, he was ultimately to underestimate the will to resist of his own side. Logically, once the Germans had proved the perfection of the Blitzkrieg, they should have gone on to victory. The fallible factor not encompassed by the gospel of tactics was the unreasonableness of human behavior, which so often interrupts the logical sequence of cause and conclusion.

In the final problem, the continued existence of war, Liddell Hart knows that it cannot be outlawed by treating it as "an isolated evil. For war is merely the eruptive stage of a diseased condition of peace. More truly, the fever and not the germ." These words deserve pondering and this book is an important one. If peace is to be achieved, war must be understood.

# The Magician and the Bore

**GLENDY CULLIGAN**

THE MAGUS, by John Fowles. *Little, Brown. $7.95.*

At midpoint in the many plot convolutions through which the author of *The Magus* lures his readers, the self-made miracle worker of the title comments:

"I am talking about the general psychological health of the species, man. He needs the existence of mysteries. Not their solution."

His implication insistently recurs in this long didactic narrative. Mystery is good for you. If so, John Fowles must be accorded a straight-A grade as novelist. In this ambitious second fiction by the author of *The Collector,* puzzles are outnumbered only by erudite allusions, which sprout as though the novel incorporated a survey course in western civilization.

Within the first hour's reading I noted the invocation of a couple of dozen names from history's intellectual elite corps. Subsequent pages drop more names, plus references to most of the characters of Greek mythology and the entire pantheon of Asiatic goddesses. By their presence in the wings we are led to believe that some shattering significance will in time be revealed.

Such assurance offsets the promise of a relatively undistinguished hero. Described as typical of Established England, Nicholas Urfe comes down from Oxford an aesthete and cynic "handsomely equipped to fail" and dislikes his modest teaching job in East Anglia.

In protest, Nicholas applies to the romantically named Lord Byron School at Phraxos, Greece, and starts an affair with an Australian girl, all heart of gold and hips of clay, who lives in the flat below. Unable to give anything of himself, he leaves for Greece with no real twinge despite the girl's evident devotion. Rejoicing in what he imagines to be his freedom, he settles down to enjoy the Aegean landscape: "sublimely peaceful, as potential as a clean canvas, a site for myths."

THEN, portentously, "the mysteries began." At first they are confined to the estate of Maurice Conchis, a recluse who owns the far end of the island and who may (or may not) have been a collaborator during the German occupation. Before they end, puzzles have enveloped not only the entire island but half the world. Mystery first surrounds Conchis's identity; subsequent questions cluster around his methods and aims. Day after day, Conchis confides a melodramatic autobiography to his bemused guest. Night after night, supernatural phenomena appear to confirm not only his memory but his hint that he has solved the eternal riddle of space-time.

Choicest of the apparitions summoned by "the magus" (Latin-Tarot synonym for magician) is Lily Montgomery, his childhood sweetheart, who died in the First World War and now returns to make beautiful music with him—real, audible, and instrumental—in the Edwardian fashions of her youth. Initially glimpsed in shadow, Lily becomes increasingly tangible, soon joins the men for lunch on the sunny terrace. Is she a manifestation of "realities that are unverifiable"; or, as next implied, a modern Miranda under Caliban's spell; or, as Conchis finally warns, a normally corporeal young woman suffering from dementia praecox?

In any case, Lily's embodied charms have a demoralizing effect on Nicholas, especially when she begins to appear in two places at once. Can this be further evidence of the supernatural? Alas, no; merely evidence of twins, a descent to the rational level of explanation that narrowly eludes an effect of slapstick by raising new questions. Obviously the twins have been hired, but why? White slavery? To star in a pornographic film? Or simply to torment Nick?

These and other puzzles alternate with answers that prove more bizarre than the questions. Tunnels, trapdoors, and secret chambers soon disgorge an ambiguous cast whose strange maneuvers culminate in an extraordinary star-chamber session. Here, Lily reappears as Dr. Vanessa Maxwell, one of a panel of psychiatrists who weigh Nicholas's behavior and bring in a ponderous verdict: "He proves the total inadequacy of the confused value judgments and pseudo-statements of art to equip modern man for his evolutionary role."

For this offense the punishment



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# THE REPORTER Puzzle

## Acrostickler® No. 141

by HENRY ALLEN

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DIRECTIONS

*1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym, the other a pun, anagram, or play on words*
*2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.*
*3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person the Acrostician.*

A
183 47 103 149 163 135 39 73 3 217 65 157 27 51 83 13 139 209 French statesman noted for his craftiness (10-8).

B
45 179 161 123 87 A group or series of six.

C
11 23 101 75 201 35 213 29 173 125 To bring about.

D
193 197 203 19 69 31 155 171 Obstruct.

E
15 177 85 41 7 189 A metrical foot.

F
43 49 223 151 121 Dates of persons' deaths.

G
133 57 37 141 A small European freshwater fish.

H
77 109 169 63 187 219 25 Something taken out.

I
165 1 71 95 21 175 59 Long pins used in cooking.

J
33 181 145 199 97 55 195 Turns something towards an object.

K
129 91 117 Stood for election.

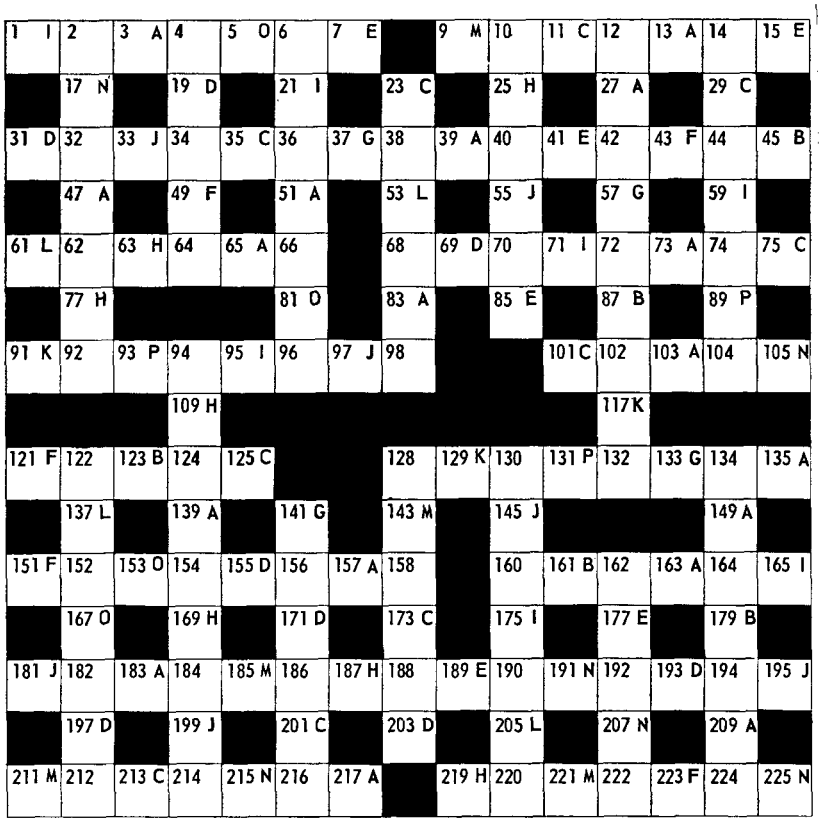
L
137 53 205 61 Units of energy

M
143 9 221 211 185 "The priest continues what the _____ began." Dryden, "The Hind and the Panther."

N
17 191 215 207 225 105 Long-legged birds.

O
5 81 167 153 Behold!

P
131 89 93 "For ever piping songs for ever _____." Keats, "Ode on a Grecian Urn."




ACROSS

1. Subject of opus by the Acrostician.
9. What a saint might do to combat evil as Ugo does (3,4).
31. Law to keep dentists employed? (1,5,3,1,5).
61. Makes tea on rocky hillsides.
68. The stranger devoured to make stranger.
91. Will the ewe swear in our former state? (2,2,4).
101. Cinemas slim if I leave.
121. Paste too much.
128. Favorite color of the Duke of Wellington (4,4).
151. A tear broken in ties for agreements.
160. Ousts from former charms, they say.
181. Improved relatives or finer narrations? (6,9).
211. Let the dust die when conned.
219. Resist quietly and stick to it.

DOWN

2. Tests each shortly the things they will.
4. Tearful girl found in with a decoration last.
6. Gape and shed ice.
10. Not active unless you cast it.
12. Understanding of a pilot's punishment?
14. Most ate the plant stalk.
23. What you find to use in retirement?
94. Pulled out a plot of land in the middle.
122. The Nez Perce point briefly to some objective impression.
128. Part of the foot necessary for marching well?
130. Obsolete surplus?
134. Every limit when Acrostickler author finds a shilling and a penny (3,4).
141. 31 across might be described as such a law.
162. If you get sick in an afterthought, bring these.

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decidedly fits the crime: Nicholas is condemned to watch a pornographic film starring Lily Montgomery and, still strapped to a rack, to observe her in a real act of copulation. But even this is far from the end of his trials, or ours. The reader whose curiosity equals that of the hero (and he must surely be a masochist) follows Nicholas through further ordeals, all directed at his rehabilitation. When the novel ends, as it was bound to do, in a whopping anticlimax, it is hard to say whether relief or resentment predominates.

IF THE CASE against Nicholas as a man was clear-cut, the case against Fowles as novelist is less so. Despite the preposterous assumptions of his story, he does induce avid suspension of disbelief for long stretches of lucid prose. Both his narrative skill and his intellectual pretensions are exceptional; the former deserves and the latter demand serious consideration.

As a technician Fowles commands respect even though, or rather because, his mode is conventional. His effort, here and in the morbidly ingenious *Collector,* to stretch the limits of realism by use of fantastic subject matter merits applause. Facile at invention and style, Fowles easily fulfills the external requirements of fiction, and by so doing provokes us all the more with his internal failures. Like a vaudeville magician himself, he seems hopeful that quickness of the hand will deceive the mind.

His pretension to something more than entertainer is, however, registered in an introductory quotation. This claims that the popular definition of "magus" as "mountebank in the world of vulgar trickery . . . has the same correspondence with the real symbolical meaning that the use of the Tarot in fortune-telling has . . . to the secret science of symbolism."

If we take this hint seriously and seek religious allegory in the godlike actions of the magus, we must call Fowles's novel irreverent, for his magician is at best a second-rate miracle worker who, although wealthy enough to play what he calls "the godgame," resorts to fake Modiglianis when he wants to impress his victims. On the other hand, if we pursue another of the novel's erudite suggestions, we may consider it a philosophical metaphor and Fowles "a sort of Empson of the event." In that case, too, we must blame the novel, for as a metaphor is it not only overextended but hopelessly mixed, a jumble of vast platitudes neither systematized nor disguised by their elaborate staging.

If, in last resort, we simply judge the novel at face value as a story of sin and redemption, we can grant it originality and yet find that it lacks the dimension implied by its massive paraphernalia. At this level the novel fails in elementary human terms, for Nicholas never justifies the care lavished on him by heroine, magician, or author. From first to last, he is mean, petty, commonplace, a bore. With Nicholas as target for miracles, it must finally be said that the godgame is not worth the candle.

# The Poet As Critic

**ALFRED WERNER**

THE PAINTER OF MODERN LIFE, AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Charles Baudelaire. *$6.95.*

ART IN PARIS 1845-1862, by Charles Baudelaire. *$7.95. Phaidon Publishers; distributed by the New York Graphic Society.*

Art criticism got off to a start only in 1759, when Denis Diderot, the brilliant man of letters, began to review the mammoth exhibitions called *Salons.* His reviews, also called *Salons,* are still readable—one wonders how many of today's reviews will be two centuries hence! The actual father of modern art criticism, however, was the Symbolist poet Charles Baudelaire, whose lengthy but never boring surveys of art in Paris under Louis Philippe and then under Napoleon III are now at last available to us, superbly translated and edited by Jonathan Mayne, in two well-designed and well-illustrated volumes.

Picasso once argued that it would be better if all critics were poets, and wrote poetry instead of pedantry. Baudelaire, however, felt that every



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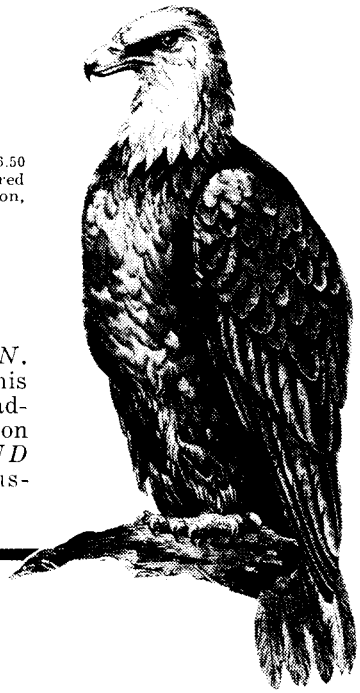

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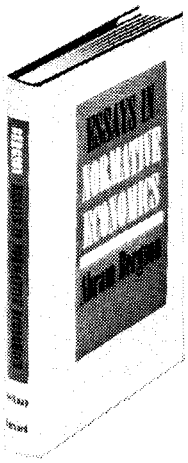

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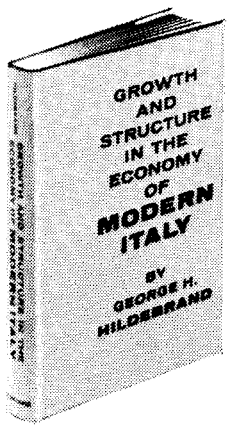


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true poet had also within him a good critic, and indeed, some of the most lucid utterances on the visual arts come from him, and from Gautier, Valéry, Apollinaire, and Eluard, as well as from Heine and Wilde. Except for two essays on Poe and one on Wagner, these volumes deal with painters, mostly contemporaries, though there are also notes on Hogarth, Goya, and Brueghel. It is hardly surprising that Delacroix gets top rank—he is mentioned in every one of the five reviews of group shows, including the one from which he was pointedly excluded. Even before they had met, the young man wrote in what was his first important published work, the *Salon* of 1845: "M. Delacroix is decidedly the most original painter of ancient or of modern times." The great romantic painter helped the young poet to crystallize his ideas, and the latter often transcribed the profound thoughts of the artist who had a philosophical bent. One of the major essays here is the twenty-eight-page eulogy written a few weeks after Delacroix' death in August, 1863.

True, he hails as the "Painter of Modern Life" a mediocrity named Constantin Guys, whose sketches of nineteenth-century Parisian life might be forgotten were it not for the poet's enthusiasm, extending over forty pages. But notwithstanding his strange partisanship for "Monsieur G" (as he is called throughout the essay), Baudelaire was as much opposed to naturalism and even realism as was his mentor Delacroix, and therefore unable to appreciate fully Courbet or Manet. To a twentieth-century man who ardently espouses Kandinsky's plea for the "spiritual in art," Baudelaire appears to embody all that is expected from a writer on art. For he was against a sterile imitation of nature. He defined art, instead, as "the creation of an evocative magic." He glorified individualism, personality, fantasy, and imagination, asserting that it was the artist's task to decompose the world and to create new worlds. The real genius was the artist who had the power to arouse, through a painting, the poetry that lay buried in the viewer's soul.

In a sense, Baudelaire anticipated



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Surrealism and even the nonfigurative art that emerged about half a century after his death. He modestly gave credit to those before him who had voiced their preference for vision over the drudgery of reproducing natural occurrences. He approvingly quotes the expatriate Heine, who wrote, "The artist cannot find all his forms in nature . . . the most remarkable are revealed to him in his soul," and he freely transforms a dictum of Delacroix' by comparing nature to a "vast dictionary whose leaves he [the artist] turns and consults with a sure and searching eye." Of course Kandinsky's completely nonobjective compositions were still in the womb of the future; the artist, looking at the visible world, still had to make use of it in order to express himself. But he could use images that were common to all in order to communicate ideas that were his own exclusively, that is to say, to express visually "the invisible . . . the intangible." Just as the poet, for his own special purposes, uses words that belong to all, so the painter, Baudelaire tells us, considers the universe a vast storehouse of signs, from which he selects a few to transform and combine them at will. Not only Kandinsky comes to mind here but also Klee (who counted Baudelaire among his favorite authors), for the stress is on creative imagination, on the "soul" (one of the poet's key words); in short, on the metaphysical.

THE ESSAYS assembled here are declarations of emancipation from nature (which in itself is crude and lacks design) and pleas for the greatest formal freedom for the artist, who must be allowed to set his own imprint on his transformations of reality. The modern artists—cosmopolitan, autonomous, sensitive, and intelligent—must leave the narrowly positive world in which only photographers reproduce what they see, and must instead follow their inner law.

It is not important that Baudelaire at times overestimated artists whose names can now be found nowhere except in his essays, and failed to perceive the excellence of some of his important contemporaries. The critic may make mistakes. He may not write without having his


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own point of view. Baudelaire did have an aesthetic; in fact, he formulated Romanticism in the visual arts when he demanded "intimacy, spirituality, color, aspiration towards the infinite, expressed by every means available to the art." (Again anticipating Kandinsky and Klee, he also talked of the "melodiousness" of certain paintings.)

Do I seem to imply that these four hundred-odd pages contain nothing but distilled theory? Nothing could be further from the fact. Baudelaire's prose is as elegant, charming, and carefully wrought as his poetry. He also knew that nobody wanted to read the cold, unfeeling reviews that were common in his time (and are still more common today). He tried, instead, to write pieces that would be not only "passionate" but also "amusing and poetic." He always begins with the shock of pleasure (or its opposite) received from the contemplation of a work of art. He then proceeds to examine why he reacts as he does, thus transforming *volupté* into *connaissance*. By knowledge he does not, of course, mean the dry information that can be culled from reference books, but rather that intuition which is in itself a spontaneous creation.

THROUGHOUT the two volumes we might be walking through the exhibition halls in the company of a serious and sensitive man, a splendid talker who at the same time has something of the schoolmaster about him. The writing of these essays, for Baudelaire, was neither a mere job (as it might be for a journalist) nor solely an instrument for self-expression (as it is for "critics" who seem to care not at all whether they communicate). Baudelaire was an educator who wanted to reform the artist's worst enemy, the bourgeois.

Indeed, the *Salon* of 1846 is specifically dedicated to the gentlemen of the bourgeoisie. "You can live three days without bread—without poetry, never . . . you need art." With missionary zeal he explains: "Art is an infinitely precious good, a draught both refreshing and cheering which restores the stomach and the mind to the natural equilibrium of the ideal."



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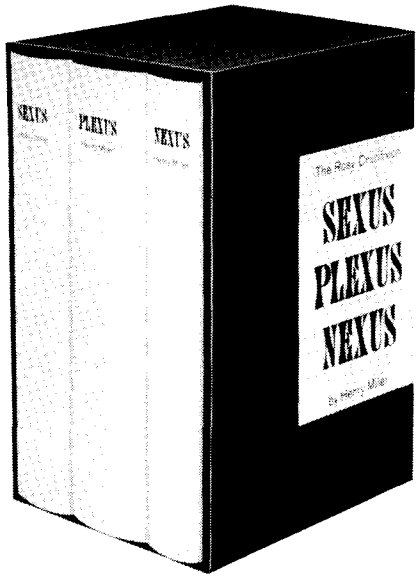


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